

David B. Hall

Tapes 344-345

This is Kathi Irving. Today is June 13, 2003. I'm with David Hall at his home at 2980 West 1500 North in Maeser.

Kathi Irving (KI): David, can you tell me where you were born and your parents' names?

David Hall: I was born just within a quarter of a mile from here, just down the road from where I live now, November 28, 1916. So that makes me about 86 years old now. Dr. Rich, the doctor, at that time he had an old buggy and horse and he'd come to the different homes where the women were having their children.

KI: Dr. Rich would have been down in Vernal at the time?

David: Yes, that's right.

KI: How did they get hold of him?

David: Probably called him on the phone.

KI: Oh, they had a phone at the time?

David: In fact, our house down where I lived after I was three years old was the only phone along this whole mile street, the only house that had a phone. Many times, somebody would call and say, "Hey, send that little boy up the road." Well, so much for the phones. But anyway Dr. Rich came in the horse and buggy and attended to my mother when I was born. That was at her sister's house. My Aunt Winnie Collett was my mother's sister. Of course, in those times, my mother had to stay in bed for quite some time.

After I was eight days old, one of the other neighbor women came up to help my mother. I didn't feel too well when I was eight days old, so they thought, "Hey, maybe we'll give him a bath and he'll feel better." So, the women put a big dishpan of water on the stove and put some more wood in the stove to warm the water. After the water was fairly warm, she reached in with her finger to check the water and says, "Yep, just about right. Let's give that little boy a bath, he's not breathing too well." In fact, my father thought, "Maybe I'd better give him a name. He may die before I can." So, my father did bless me and give me name.

They put me in this pan of water, but the dishpan was very hot on the bottom because they'd just put some more wood in. So, when they laid me down in the dishpan, it burnt my back quite a bit. They didn't realize that until the next day when they was changing my clothes and found out I was burnt on my back. So, I still have a scar, eighty-six years later from that burn, but it never has affected my life. I've kept up with everyone else.

KI: But your mother must have felt so badly.

David: She was quite disappointed because she didn't get to bathe me, the neighbor did, and they were in a hurry. Even though the water was just warm, the bottom of the dishpan, they didn't realize, that was just really hot.

KI: Now, who were your parents?

David: My dad's name was Mark Moroni Hall and he was born up here in Dry Fork.

KI: Who was his dad then?

David: His dad was also Mark Hall. So, I have a grandpa Mark Hall and a father Mark Hall. Of course, the people came to Dry Fork about 1878, as I recall. My dad was born on 2 January 1881.

My mother was born up here, about a mile from here, in a little log cabin, in 1881 also. My dad was born 2 January 1881, my mother 28 February 1881.

KI: What was her name?

David: Her name was Mary Fontella Stringham. My Grandpa Stringham was Philip Stringham, who was a son of Briant Stringham and Briant Stringham was one of the old-timers that came to Utah way back in Brigham Young's days.

After my father was born, they had a nice little log cabin, there was just a few cabins at that time, by 1881. But they all just had dirt floors. But after my father was born, the neighbors said, "Let's get together and we'll go down and give the Hall cabin a wooden floor." So, they took some nice, straight poles and with their axes leveled off the poles. So, my father said they had the first cabin in Dry Fork that had a wooden floor.

KI: How would they have done that?

David: Just with poles. They'd take the ax and just chop the top part off so it would be level. Then they'd put the poles close together.

KI: So, they didn't put them through a sawmill or anything?

David: No, no. Just did them with axes. They didn't have a sawmill in those days. But they did make their log cabins.

My grandfather, of course, homesteaded up there for, I think, 160 acres, in Dry Fork. About fifty cents an acre. I think he had to sell one of his old cows to make \$80 to buy 160 acres.

KI: That's what he did, he was a rancher?

David: Yes, kind of a rancher. But that was pretty hard to make ends meet, just brand new people

in the area. So, they built a little schoolhouse and my grandfather was the teacher, taught all the little kids, one teacher for all the children. There weren't too many children. Then one of the little children died, not his child, but another person, and they didn't know where to bury the child. So, my grandfather said, "Hey, I can't get any water..." They had water out of the Dry Fork Creek, but there is one area down east end where the Dry Fork Cemetery is now, about two acres, so my grandfather said, "Hey, we'll bury that little girl down there. I can't get any water up there, so why don't I just let you bury your child there and we'll just call that the Dry Fork Cemetery?" It wasn't long until he had a little girl that died. [Ed note: Chloe Louisa Hall (1879-1881), daughter of Mark Moroni and Mary Bingham Hall.] She was about the second one, I think, that was buried in the Dry Fork Cemetery and her grave's up there yet. Of course, my granddad's grave's up there.

After they'd decided to call it Dry Fork Cemetery, why then my grandfather said, "Well, anyone that wants to bury anyone up there, free of charge, if you live in Dry Fork, you don't have to pay to have a burial up there." Of course, many years later, now the county has take over the graveyard and fixed it up pretty nice. I do have a lot of relatives that are buried up in Dry Fork.

KI: I don't want to be morbid or anything, but are you going to be buried up there?

David: No, I decided I'd get buried at Maeser Cemetery because that's where my mother is and my father. I thought I'd kind of like to be buried by my mother and my dad. I do have a plot over there. I'll be buried just east of my dad and wife will be buried just east of my mother.

I still have a love for Dry Fork. Every time I go up there, I think of many things. I used to herd sheep up that way when I was a young boy. Especially up on Little Mountain, that will be another story some time.

KI: If you're ready to tell that story now, I'd love to hear it.

David: Well, of course, my father was a sheep man. He started out up here on Diamond Mountain with his brother-in-law, Joseph P. Hacking. Uncle Joseph married my mother's sister and so my father, of course, married her sister. They were all Stringham girls. After my father had worked for several years with Joseph Hacking, then instead of taking money for his pay, he took sheep until finally he had enough sheep that he could have his own herd. This is back in the early 1920s. I remember one time my mother and all of us children decided to go up to Diamond Mountain and stay a few days with my father. It was during the lambing season, probably about the end of May or the first part of June.

We drove an old wagon clear from our old home, which was just down the road a ways from here. I remember the first day we started climbing down a mountain and there was a spring there. We stopped and unhooked the team from the wagon and gave the team a good drink of water, then we had our lunch. We thought, "Boy, if we hurry up and hook the team back up, we might be able to get to Diamond to camp by dark if we're lucky." So, my mother drove that old team. I had two sisters that rode horses along by the side of the wagon, but I got to ride in the wagon because I was quite small. In fact, I think I was only about eight years old, maybe nine.

So, we went there and camped near a spring, in the Jackson Draw, one of the draws there

on Diamond Mountain. We were just out on the grass by the spring. My mother thought, "Oh, I wish we had a tree in front of the tent." So, my father said, "Okay, I'll make sure there's a tree there." So, he went out, not too far away from camp, a lot of quaking aspen trees there, and he chopped one down and come over and dug a post hole and put the tree right by the tent. So, when my mother could get up in the morning, there was a nice quaking asp tree there.

KI: What a sweet thing for him to do.

David: My dad did real good. Then when we were ready to come home, my two older sisters, the oldest child my father and mother had was named Grace, then I had an older brother named Philip, and another sister named Mazie. So, Grace and Mazie had been riding the horses. My sister Grace said, "If you can ride this horse from Diamond, clear back to Vernal, I'll take you down to Vernal Drug and treat you to an ice cream sundae, a strawberry one." I thought, "Oh, wouldn't that be good!" So, I got on that little horse and I actually rode that horse all the way from Diamond Mountain clear home. The next couple of days we got in the old buggy and horse and went down to Vernal Drug and my sister treated me to a strawberry ice cream sundae. I thought, wow, life was really good. I'll never forget some of those experiences.

KI: So, there were four of you in your family?

David: No, actually, there were six of us. Grace was the oldest, then Maysie, then Philip, then I have a brother, Lynn. We did have one brother that died when my folks were in Canada, that died before I was born, his name was Edwin. After Lynn, then it was myself. I was born in 1916 and about five years later, my mother thought, "Well, I guess I won't have any more children." So, she had some baby clothes that I'd had and she gave them to my father's brother's wife, Leona Hall. She said, "I won't have any more children, so you can have the baby clothes." But a month or so later, she found out she was going to have another child. So, she said, "I'd better have those baby clothes back!" That was my brother Acel, who was six year younger than I am. His name was Acel Mark, so they named him after my dad. My middle name, of course, is David Bingham; I was named Bingham because my Grandmother Hall was a Bingham. She was born in San Bernardino, California, way back on September 18, 1852.

Some of the early LDS people went to San Bernardino and that's where she was born. One family was a Bingham family that went there and they figured that San Bernardino would be a good place to settle, so they settled down there for a while.

KI: Tell me about your house down here where you grew up. What was the approximate address?

David: After I was born, my Uncle Bry Stringham, you remember Uncle Bry? He was my mother's brother, and he had built a home just a quarter of a mile down the road from here, in 1917. Then in 1919 he kind of wanted to sell it, so he sold it to my mother. So, I was just three years old when we moved down to here. I think they bought it for \$1700, the whole home and an acre or so. That's different than it is now. But that's where I grew up from the time I was three years old until I was twenty-one and went to college, then right after that I joined the Army Air

Corps, which I can tell you about a little later.

All my life, then, I lived down here then, you might say. We had a nice little vegetable garden, good irrigation ditch; we used to have fun irrigating the garden. Mother would teach us how to weed the garden, the corn, the potatoes. We always raised 'most all of our food, like potatoes and corn and cucumbers, melons and whatnot. But every year we'd have to get together and go out and dig up those old potatoes. We had a wagon and team. We had quite a lot of rows of potatoes because we put the potatoes down in the cellar that we'd dug in the ground and put a lid on it so we could keep the potatoes there all winter.

I remember as a little boy, I thought, "Boy, tomorrow we've got to dig those 'tatoes." I had one brother, he'd have the team and would just plow down the row of potatoes, and tip the dirt over so we could come along and scatter the dirt out and gather up the potatoes and put them in gunny sacks and put them in the wagon and take them back to the cellar. Every winter we'd go down there about once a week and get enough potatoes to last a week, then put the lid back on the cellar so it wouldn't frost.

KI: Did you have carrots, too, and other vegetables?

David: We had carrots, too, yep, carrots, onions, potatoes and cabbage. We had a lot of good cabbage. I remember one time we went down there, I think it was on a Saturday. It was to gather up all the potatoes and carrots we could bring up to last us a week, and the cat must have followed us and went down the cellar with us. When we got through, we put the lid on the cellar and later on we couldn't find the cat. "Now, where could that cat have gone to?" We waited and we hollered for the cat. We thought maybe the cat run away or got lost or run over or something. But another week we went down to get potatoes and there the cat was. It had been down there a whole week. And it was still alive!! But it was sure glad to come out and get something to eat. We felt very sad that we'd left that cat down there for a whole week without anything to eat. But it was wintertime, the cat survived, and everything turned out all right.

KI: So, you went to Maeser School obviously.

David: Right. So, as soon as I was old enough to go to the Maeser School, because eight years we went to the Maeser School, my birthday being in November, I actually started when I was six, but I was seven years old a couple months later. We normally started school about the middle of September and then let out about the first of May.

KI: It was a shorter school term than now?

David: It was shorter school. It worked out good because my father, being a sheep man, always wanted me to come out to help with the lambing season which started around the tenth of May and normally school would be out so I could go out and help the herders with the lambing season. It worked out good that way.

KI: Was that out on Diamond, too, where you kept the sheep?

David: After my father got enough sheep from Diamond, after working for my Uncle Joseph Hacking, then he got a permit to go somewhere else to lamb. The first time was out here, oh, kind of near Bluebell and Altonah or Altamont, a little south of that part of the woods. That's where we lambled, and that was in 1927 as I remember. I was ten years old that summer so my father thought, okay, after school's out, I could come out and help drive the sheep from where we lambled them to our summer range, up the forest north of Neola. Actually, it was what they called Pole Creek. Pole Creek runs into the Uinta River and right where they have an old power plant is where Pole Creek runs in. Our summer range, then, started on 20 June and we stayed in the forest all summer long until the first of October. Then we had to leave and come back to somewhere else for the wintertime. Normally, we would come back and our winter range was out here by Bonanza. It was west of Bonanza and east of Ouray, in between there and the White River. That area there was all ours. We could take the sheep anywhere we wanted to go. The other sheep men would be farther east or farther south and we all got along real well.

KI: How many sheep did he have, at the most?

David: Somewhere between 1,500 and 2,000. It wasn't too big of a herd.

KI: Did he make a pretty good living off that?

David: Pretty good living. That's the only thing we had to live by. We had two paychecks: one when we sold the wool in the spring and one when he sold the lambs in the fall. So, he had to make those two paychecks last. That's the only two paychecks you could get.

I remember when I was ten years old, that would be the summer of 1927, my father and I drove a little, small herd of buck sheep from up here near Chocolate Rock, we call it, the Remember the Maine area, a neighbor up there had taken care of the bucks, had them in the herd for the lambing season, but we were then required to drive them from there clear over to just east of Neola, a little town called Hayden, Utah, which is east of Neola. My father had a cousin, Josh Hall, is his name, he said he'd take care of the bucks during the summer.

So, we started out and we took a little bedroll tied behind our saddles, just my father and I, and we drove the bucks from here to about halfway to LaPoint the first day. I remember we camped on the side of the hill. I can still see the hill. The new road just misses the old road, but I can remember where we bedded down the sheep and the bucks and stayed there all night, tied our horses to an old cedar tree. I was riding a little gray horse, his name was Button.

But on the way there, my father had a little magazine in his pocket. It was called *The Pathfinder*. It used to come out about every week and this was during the month of June and Lindbergh had just flown from New York to Paris in May, 1927. On this little magazine, it had a little picture of an old farmer pitching hay and loading his hay on his hay wagon and a little airplane flying overhead that someone had drawn and it said, "Hey, Lindy!" My father said, "Hey, there's a guy named Charles A. Lindbergh who flew clear from New York to Paris! What a feat! I can't believe it! My gosh, to fly that long and didn't have to land in the ocean!" I thought, "Wouldn't that be good if I could fly an airplane that long someday", which I did. I remember that little magazine which he had in his pocket.

The next day, of course, we got to LaPoint, and the next day we got to Hayden. It took us

three days to drive the sheep there. Then we went over to near Bluebell where the other sheepherders were, my brother and another fellow they'd hired to help with the lambing.

KI: This was your older brother?

David: Yes.

KI: I wondered where he was during this.

David: He helped herd sheep, too, most of his life. My other brother, just older than I was, Lynn, who is my older brother, older than I. Then we helped drive the sheep from there to our summer range. Then every year after that, every summer I'd help my father. As soon as school was out, I'd normally go to the sheep camp and stay until it was time to return back in September to go to Maeser School.

I remember when I was going to start the eighth grade, I was with my brother Philip at Pole Creek and it was 15 September. He was just about ready to let me come home for school. I thought, "I'm going to write my name on a quaking aspen tree, print my name on that tree." So, I wrote "David Hall, September 15, 1930" and underneath it I wrote, "Best shepherd on Pole Creek." That tree stayed there for forty years. It was still there until after I was in the Air Force and took my wife and family up there and there that tree was. Finally, someone got a permit to come chop some of the quakers down for lumber and they chopped that old tree down. So, it's disappeared, but it stayed there for a long time.

KI: It sounds like fun. Tell me about school when you were actually in school.

David: Okay. I might mention that that year, 1930, my brother said, "Okay, you've got to get to school," after the fifteenth, so I'd be ready to start the Maeser School, I was in the eighth grade. So, I was going to ride from there, I was only thirteen years old at the time, clear back home, which was about forty-five miles. But I thought, "Wow! What if I get lost?" Because normally I'd go with my father or my brother when they'd go back and forth to camp. This time, just my brother Philip and I was at camp and he said, "Okay, in the morning, I'll help you get your horse ready to go and we'll get up early." Which we always did anyway. We had to get up before daylight to have our breakfast and everything ready to go by daylight with the sheep.

Anyway, I remember that morning, we got up early, and my brother said, "Okay, just as soon as we eat our breakfast, I'll make you a sandwich." Which was just a piece of a sourdough biscuit and a mutton chop; we ate a lot of those. He put that on a sandwich, went out and caught the horse. I said, "Now, what if I get lost?" He said, "Now, this little old dusty road will take you down to the Uinta River. Of course, if you follow Pole Creek down, you hit the Uinta River eventually, you won't get lost. Then follow the Uinta River and that road will take you to Whiterocks. When you get to Whiterocks, you've got to go south of Whiterocks before you turn and go down to LaPoint. Of course, you can always see Little Mountain down there so you know Vernal is the other side of Little Mountain."

So, I took off. I had my sandwich tied to the side of the saddle. I went as far as Whiterocks. Everything was working out good. But when I went south of Whiterocks, I kept

going south. I thought, “Hey, Little Mountain is over here to my left. I wonder if I’ve missed the road, it ought to be turning left.” My brother had said, “You stay on the road until it turns and goes to LaPoint.” I kept going and going and going. I got worried and thought, “I wonder if I should just go down through somebody’s field because I know that Vernal’s the other side of Little Mountain.” I kept going and finally the road turned and went straight down to LaPoint. Boy, I was sure glad when I got there. Then I stopped along the Uinta River that runs near LaPoint and had my lunch, took my saddle off the horse and let him rest a while, ate my sourdough biscuit and mutton chop and got on the horse again.

Just before I got home, on the road that leaves the valley going west towards LaPoint, there’s one big hollow there and they call that particular area right there the Horseshoe Dugway because at that time the road went down and kind went around and made a big horseshoe. But now Uintah County has made the road go straight through it, approximately straight through it, it’s more like an “S” curve now instead of a Horseshoe Dugway. But I’d just got up to the top of the dugway and I looked and I could see someone way down there, it looked like about a mile away, sitting on top of a little hill, kind of a reddish-colored hill on a black horse. I thought, “I wonder who that is?”

So, I took my hat off and waved it and waved it like that, and the little guy who was on the horse waved his hat back. I thought, “Well, that’s my little brother, Acel.” He was just turning eight years old. In fact, on the September fifteenth, that was his birthday. When I wrote my name on the tree, that was my little brother’s birthday, he was eight years old. So, he was eight years old in just about two days. Well, Mother had let him borrow Aunt Winnie’s horse, old black horse called Coalie, and Acel had ridden that horse out there bareback, without a saddle, about five miles out there. He’d been waiting there, hoping I’d show up. When I got there, there was my little brother, just eight years old. He’d come clear out there on his own just to meet his brother.

KI: That’s great.

David: Well, he always thought a lot of me and I thought a lot of him.

So, then I was in the eighth grade. The moment I got home, my mother said, “The band leader of the Uintah High School band wants to influence eighth graders to take different music, the instruments. Would you like to play in the band?” I said, “I sure would! But what could I play?” She said, “Well, you talk to Mr. Winn [Lloyd Winn] and maybe he’ll help you decide what instrument you’d like to play.” I thought, “Boy, I’d like to play a trumpet, wouldn’t that be good if I could play a trumpet?”

So, I went down and had a visit with Mr. Winn. He let me play the trumpet. I couldn’t make it sound too good, I just blew a lot of air in it. But he said, “Maybe you can learn how to tighten your lips and learn how to play that trumpet.” So, he said he’d come up on weekends and teach some of us eighth-graders so when we started high school the next year, we could be in the band. So, he did that that year and I learned how to play the trumpet a little bit. Then I joined the high school band and played the trumpet, all the four years in high school. I even took it to college, played in the BYU band. I even took the trumpet with me when I joined the Air Force. I played taps a few times on my trumpet when I was a cadet. After I graduated, I put the trumpet away and haven’t blown it much since.

KI: Sounds like a good experience. Did you enjoy taking care of the sheep?

David: I did, really good, yep. Until I was twenty-one years old. Then my father said... Of course, in the 1930s, I graduated from high school in 1935. The last day of school that year was May the third, which was a Friday, then we had to come back on Monday, the sixth, to get our diplomas. Then on May the seventh, I left, got on my horse and headed out towards Bonanza, out towards Chipeta Wells. We used to have some property there. There's space out there called Chipeta Wells. There used to be a station for the old wagons that left Watson. They'd have to go out to Watson to get supplies from the train and bring them to Vernal or Roosevelt or wherever they'd like to go, but they'd come back to Chipeta Wells and stay there. There used to be a building there and someone to take care of the horses. There was also a lady that cooked their meals, and they'd stay there. Then the wagons that would leave to go to Vernal would come up past where Red Wash is now, then go down to Green River and cross the Green River on a ferry. Or they could go down to Ouray, if they were going to Roosevelt or Duchesne, cross the ferry down there and go to Roosevelt or Ouray. But Chipeta Wells was a station for all the wagons. In fact, I guess all the bricks that came to Vernal to make the Bank of Vernal stopped at Chipeta Wells.

KI: Do you ever remember having frightening experiences with the sheep?

David: Not too many of them. I could tell you a bear story, though. This was in the 1930s. My father said, "I'd like you to stay with me until you're twenty-one. I can't afford to pay you, but I'll buy your shoes, your clothes, your Levis, your jumper. If you'll stay with me until you're twenty-one, then if we still have sheep and you want to herd sheep for me, then I'll pay you the sheepherder wages." At that time that was about \$45 to \$50 a month, to herd sheep. That was pretty good pay. A lot of people thought, "If I could just get a job herding sheep, I could make \$45 a month."

I told my dad, "Okay, I'll do that." I never did say, "I'm going to go home. I'm not going to herd sheep anymore." I decided I'd stick with my dad and work for him until I'm twenty-one, then after that I can do what I want. So, I did that. Just the month before I was twenty-one, in October, 1937, my dad decided to sell the sheep. So, there it went. I didn't have to worry about getting any pay. We'd herded the sheep during all those Depression years.

The year of 1936-7, we had a really bad storm in Vernal and all out, near Red Wash and Chipeta Wells, where we had our sheep and so much snow that the sheep couldn't get out to eat any of the sagebrush or any of the feed. So, we had to bring the sheep in and feed them hay all winter. So, my brother Philip and I brought the sheep in, took them up to the Dry Fork Canyon, up here, we call it Chocolate Rock because that's the rock there just before you get to Remember the Maine Park, on the west side of the road. My mother used to take us and all the relatives, all the little cousins, up there every Easter and we'd roll Easter eggs down Chocolate Rock. We still do that. My family still does that.

But anyway, we took the sheep up there and fed them hay. My father bought all the hay that a farmer had up there in Dry Fork. His name was Byron Thomas. He had three big haystacks. So he bought all his hay in the haystack. So, there was so much snow on the ground,

we just took an old hay wagon and put a bobsled underneath the hay wagon, then from our sheep wagon, where we lived in the winter time, in the canyon, we'd go up to Byron Thomas' in Dry Fork and get a load of hay and bring it back to where we had our sheep and feed them a load of hay every day. We did that all winter long until April 15, 1937. By then the snow had finally melted enough that we could get the sheep to our camp and into the sagebrush and cedars again. But that was a bad winter.

Anyway, my father was pretty much in debt because we'd had to buy all the hay and everything and the price of lambs wasn't too high and wool wasn't too high. So, he decided, "Guess we'd better sell the sheep." So, we sold the sheep to my mother's brother, who is my Uncle Ray Stringham, who is a brother to Uncle Bry Stringham. There were quite a lot of Stringhams.

He sold them in October, and I thought, "Well, I'd sure like to go to college." I thought maybe I could go winter quarter because college had already started, so I started the winter quarter. I went out to the BYU and stayed with my Aunt Winnie and her family. She'd gone out there with her children. She had three children in school, two daughters in college and one in high school, one son. So, I stayed down in the basement with my cousin, Carl Collett, who lives just down the road from where I live. In fact, right where he lives now is where I was born, in that area.

After I got through that, I went to winter quarter and spring quarter, then my Uncle Joseph Hacking, who was my father's brother-in-law, again, said, "Hey, I need a sheepherder to move camp for one of my herds of sheep up on Diamond. If you'll come herd sheep for me this summer, I'll give you \$55 a month." I thought, "Wow!" I thought, "Man if I can get \$55 a month, I can make enough money in the summer to go back to BYU and have enough money to buy my tuition for the whole year."

KI: Do you remember how much tuition was?

David: Yes, I'll tell you. Anyway, so I herded sheep for Uncle Joseph and Seth Bullock 'til September, until time to go to the BYU, and they paid me \$55 a month. Wow! That was really good. That was the last year I ever herded sheep, was 1938. But when I went back to BYU, of course, then it was three quarters, you called it fall quarter, winter quarter, spring quarter, cost you \$30 a quarter. So, if you wanted to buy all three quarters, instead of paying \$90, you could buy it for \$86.50! You could save \$3.50. So, I thought, "Man, I'll take \$86.50 for the whole year." Which I did and I had money left over.

That year I stayed with my sister, Grace, whose husband wanted to be a schoolteacher at that time. So, I got to stay with her one year. I lived in the basement. My sister charged me \$15 a month to live with them. We used to have milk cows, so my mother would make some butter and she'd let us have some of the butter, things like that that we could bring from home. My sister would say, "Well, that's your pay. You don't have to worry about paying me anything." So, I really owe a lot to my sister that she helped me get through college.

KI: How did you get back and forth between here and Provo? Did you have a car or did you hitchhike?

David: Well, the first time I went out, I went out with my cousin, who had a pick-up truck and I sat in the back of that pick-up truck. That's when I went out to start winter quarter and, boy, it was cold. That was just the next day after New Years. My one cousin, Mark Stringham, and I sat in the back of that pick-up with a blanket over us and someone else drove the truck out there.

KI: How long did it take to get there?

David: Well, it took about three hours or so, or more, oh, more than that, because it takes three hours now. In fact, when my two sisters graduated from BYU, after they'd gone for two years, it took us a whole day to get out there. We drove the old '28 Chevrolet.

In fact, our first car was a 1928 Chevrolet. That particular year my father thought, "We're going to get a pretty good price for the lambs, maybe we can afford to buy a car this year." I was almost twelve years old then, would have been in November. That's when he bought the car. I think my father got four-and-a-half cents a pound for the lambs. If you had a lamb that weighed a hundred pounds, you'd get \$4.50 for it. But most of our lambs only averaged around seventy-five to eighty pounds when we sold them. Anyway, for \$450 my father bought that brand new 1928 Chev so we didn't have to drive the buggy and horse anymore.

Up to that time, when we went to town, we always had to go down with the buggy and horse. I remember many times my mother and I would take about an hour to get to town, especially in the spring when the roads were muddy. Why, sometimes it would even be hard to drive a buggy through some of the mud holes down along where Uintah High School is now [1880 W. 500 N.]. That road right along through there was just so muddy that you'd sink to your hubcaps. Especially with a car. You'd get stuck in the mud with a car. But we finally enjoyed the '28 Chevrolet.

KI: Was it quite an adventure to go to town when you were a little boy?

David: Yeah, that was really a treat because you could only go out once a week or once every ten days. We'd park the buggy and horse behind the Ashley Co-op, which is the building where Gales Bookstore is, right behind there [4 West Main]. They had a place where you could tie your horses up there.

KI: Was it still the Co-op then?

David: It was called the Ashley Co-op, yes.

KI: Because later it became Penney's, so I was wondering when this was.

David: Yes, until it wasn't Penney's, it was Ashley Co-op. Then, of course, across the road was Ashton Brothers, which was there for many years. We bought a lot of our supplies at Ashley Co-op and also Ashtons.

I remember one time my mother took me down. I needed a new pair of shoes. So, we looked in Ashley Co-op and there wasn't quite what I wanted, so we went over to Ashton's and I found a good pair of leather shoes. They cost about two dollars and a half. I thought, "Man, if I

could just have those shoes, I'd be tickled." So, Mother bought me the shoes. I really felt good to have another new pair of shoes.

KI: Do you remember what other businesses were down there?

David: Of course, there was the Newton Brothers that had the Newton Brothers saddle and wagon shop, I guess they called it; I know they had a wagon on there. They used to sell brand new wagons and, of course, they made their own saddles and bridles and boots.

KI: Was it located on North Vernal Avenue or South at the time?

David: It was located on North, about where the Vernal Express is now, approximately, [54 North Vernal Avenue] right in there, as I remember. One spring when I was ten years old, my mother said, "I believe you ought to have a bicycle this year." My brothers never had a bicycle. We didn't have enough money to buy bicycles and very few bicycles were even around Maeser at that time. My cousin, Leo Hacking, up here, had a bicycle and my cousin Mark Stringham, and my mother thought I better have a bike. So, I looked in the catalog and I thought, "Boy, there's one in Sears and Roebuck, called a Hawthorne." I thought, boy, that sure looked like a pretty bike; it costs \$26, right around there, and I thought, "Wow, wouldn't that be good if I had \$26."

My mother said, "Let's go down to the Newton Brothers, they have a bicycle down there." She said, "We'll take a look at that one and see if it's what you want." So, we went down and sure enough, they had one bicycle on display, a little red and white one. They said, "Well, get on it and see if you can ride it." I remember getting started. The floor was just a wooden floor, but they let me ride it down through where they were making the saddles and back. Boy, I felt so good. My mother said, "Well, if you like that bike, we'll buy it." So, we bought that bicycle. I thought, "Wow!"

She had taken me down in the horse and buggy, so she said, "I'll take the horse and buggy home and you've got to ride the bicycle home." I didn't know too much about riding it, but I'd practiced up a little bit from my cousin Leo Hacking's bicycle. He could push me back by the kitchen door and I could ride down the sidewalk and down to the front gate without falling down. So, I could ride a little bit.

Then I had a friend named Merrill R. Anderson. He was my best pal, and he's still my best pal. We're both 87, no, he's 87 and I'm 86, but he and I grew up together. Well, he happened to be downtown with his mother with a buggy and horse. So, I said, "Well, Merrill, why don't you help me and we'll ride this bicycle back to our house." So, we both took turns, but Merrill didn't know how to ride too well. He was just trying to learn, but the road was so dusty and sandy that we'd just ride and fall over because you couldn't pedal through the sand too well. But we finally got the bike home. Maybe later I can tell you what a good pal Merrill Anderson was throughout my life.

KI: Well, you since we're talking about childhood, you can tell me right now, if you'd like to.

David: Like I say, Merrill and I grew up. He came and started in the Maeser School when I was in the second grade. So, I think he must have gone somewhere else for the first grade. We started

the second grade together. Merrill and I were just about the same age, we just were the best pals. We had more fun at school. We used to play marbles; we used to play hopscotch and all the different games they had, and spot ball and so on, at school, and softball and so on. But every Sunday, then Merrill and I would get together. We grew up together and we were Boy Scouts together. If you'd like me to tell a little Boy Scout story, I'll do that.

KI: Sure.

David: Okay. So, when we were Boy Scouts, our Scoutmaster, up to that time, all the ones that had joined the Maeser Ward—Maeser covered a big area in the 1920s, it was just Maeser Ward and that was all—but the Scouts had gone and got their Tenderfoot badge and Second Class badge, but none of them had ever been a First Class Scout. That was as far as they went. Then the Scoutmaster thought, "That's good. You at least made Tenderfoot, Second Class." Then they'd have other boys join.

Finally, this scoutmaster, who was my cousin, his name was Don Hacking, who was one of Uncle Joseph's sons, he said, "Well now, there's never been a boy in Maeser Ward yet that's been First Class. I'm going to give a prize to the first Scout that can pass the requirements and be a First Class Scout." So, Merrill Anderson and I thought, "Okay. Let's you and I really practice hard because some of our other cousins maybe will beat us if they think there's going to be a prize to be the first Firth Class Scout in Maeser"

So, Merrill and I just worked as fast as we could, but somehow I just beat Merrill by a day, or something, and passed all the requirements just before Merrill did and my other cousins. So, then the Scoutmaster said, "Okay, I'm going to give the prize to David Hall because he passed the requirements first." What do you think I got for the prize? A brand new pocketknife. It wasn't a Scout knife, it was a brand new one, had a pearl handle, kind of pinkish pearl, and had three blades on it. I thought, "Wow!! Isn't that a good gift to be the first First Class Scout in Maeser Ward."

I kept that pocketknife. I think it was about 1930, when I was a First Class Scout, either '30 or the spring of '31, and I packed that pocketknife in my pocket all those years. I was herding sheep from 1930 until 1937 when we sold the sheep. But just before we sold the sheep, the last spring, we had the sheep up here on Little Mountain, we lambed them up here this time instead of out by Chipeta Wells. One time we came back to camp at night, I reached in my pocket for a knife and my knife was gone. My knife had worn a little hole in my pocket and fallen down, and I lost my knife. I thought, "Oh, it's going to be hard to backtrack. I could track pretty well, but up on Little Mountain there's so much sagebrush and so many rocks, it's hard to tell where anybody's walked. But I thought, "I've got to find that knife. That's my Boy Scout knife."

So, the next day I took the sheep down by the same place I'd had them the day before and walked around where I thought I'd been, but I never could find that knife. I've told this story to some of the Boy Scouts in Maeser Ward and I say, "Now, if any of you ever go up on Little Mountain for a hike or deer hunting or whatnot and you find an old rusted knife with three blades, that's my knife." That's the story of that.

KI: Did you ever go beyond First Class?

David: After we got to First Class, we thought, “Wouldn’t it be good if we could be Eagle Scouts?!” So, Merrill and I started working as hard as we could, Merrill Anderson and I. We took a lot of our merit badges together. We passed camping together; we passed hiking together. I remember when we passed the cooking merit badge. The sheriff was the person to pass the badge off to. What was his name? Johnson. Gosh, I forgot his first name, anyway, he was the sheriff of Uintah County. I was just about out of high school.

So, he came up. East of where Merrill lived was a kind of a hollow and we went down this hollow and got some willows and wood and made the fire. I told Merrill I could probably make some sourdough biscuits if he’d cook the fried taters. So, we had it all cooked about the time Emery Johnson got there. He was still dressed up in his sheriff uniform. So, he came down and found us and said, “Okay, I’ll have dinner with you boys and see how you make out on your cooking merit badge.” Well, I’ll never forget that. This Emery Johnson passed us and said, boy, that was the best taters and best sourdough bread he’d had for a long time.

So, we passed that, and like I said, we passed all kinds of merit badges, but every summer I’d have to go back up and herd sheep. So, Merrill kind of got ahead of me a time or two, working hard. But we passed most of our merit badges together. We needed twenty-one merit badges and the last merit badge, I’d gotten twenty merit badges and Merrill got twenty, but we needed one more merit badge. It was called Athletics, which was easy to do, except you had to swim so far in athletics and we didn’t have a real good swimming pool in Vernal in those days. By the time I got back in September to go to school again, what little swimming pool we did have was closed, so I didn’t get to finish my twenty-first merit badge and Merrill did. So, Merrill Anderson was the Eagle Scout in Maeser Ward. I could always brag that I was the first First Class, but he was the first Eagle. If you go down to the courthouse now and look on that one big board, I think they had Earl Calder as the first Eagle Scout in the Uinta Basin, his name’s still there, then over here in 1932, would be Merrill Anderson’s name.

KI: Did you finally get yours?

David: Nope. By golly, I knew I could pass it. I could run, I could jump, I could do everything else, and I could swim. But I thought, “Merrill, you won. I’m happy.” So, later in life, when my boys were Boy Scouts, I wondered if they could have their old dad be an Eagle. But I thought, “Oh, well, I guess not.” But I kind of wish I had just done it. But I still felt good.

Even now I call Merrill once in a while on the phone. He had a birthday in April. I call him up, he’s still my best pal and he always will be. If I die first, I want him to talk at my funeral. I said, “If I kick the bucket first, you’ve got to be one of the speakers.” He’s really the best pal I ever had.

KI: It’s so nice, too, to have a friend for such a long time.

David: Yes, ever since he came to Maeser School.

KI: You didn’t tell me the bear story.

David: Do you have time for that?

Kathi: Oh, I have time for it.

Side two.

David: I'll tell you the bear story that happened many years ago, in fact, it was September 28, 1936, when we were up on Pole Creek. The year before that there'd been a bear or two get into our sheep. The bears didn't kill too many of our sheep, but we could always tell when we found a dead sheep. The bears would normally turn a sheep upside down and eat all of the insides out of the sheep. The coyotes would kill them and maybe eat a hind leg off or a hind quarter, but the bear would turn them upside down.

This one year, after we'd seen this one bear, I thought, "Boy, I'm going to carry my .30-30 gun with me." I used to have a .22 that I'd carry with me and I could shoot rabbits or even pine hens and things like that. We camped along Pole Creek and we went out one morning and down to the creek and there were the bear tracks, in the mud, fresh bear track. Now, that bear come right down past our tent, because we lived in a tent in the summer time, in the winter time we lived in a sheep wagon. That bear come right down there and probably got a drink, and circled around our tent and had gone back up the hill. So, I thought, "I better carry my .30-30. If I see that bear, I can get him because he's probably going to kill some of our sheep."

So, this one day, it was near the end of September, in fact, it was September 28. My brother and I had been herding the sheep all summer together, just the two of us. He said, "Hey, I'd like to go up to Pole Creek, there's some cowboys camped up there." They didn't camp there all the time, but they'd come up once in a while during the summer. My brother said, "I'd like to go up and talk to the cowboys and tell them good-bye. You go up the hill and bring the sheep back tonight all by yourself. Can you do that?" And I said, "Sure, but I'll take my .30-30 with me just in case I should see a bear."

We had two dogs, but I thought I should just take one dog with me this time. We always had a dog to follow us to help bring the sheep from the hills back to camp because we had to bring the sheep down, bed them near our tent to make sure no coyotes or bears could get into them. We wouldn't leave them 'way out on the hills. So, that day I told one of the dogs, whose name was Jip, she was a mother dog and she'd had a little pup, and the pup had a little white tip on its tail and I called it Tip, and I thought, "Oh, I'll take old Tip with me." He was a pretty good-sized dog now, about a year old. I didn't want the mother dog to come with me, and I thought her feet would get kind of sore because she'd been with me all summer and by the first of October we had to leave our summer range and drive back out to Chipeta Wells again. So, I left one dog there at camp and just took Tip with me.

So, we went clear up. Boy, the sheep, that particular day, had gone up on the hills a little farther than normal to look for some more feed. In fact, they had gone until they had about run out of feed, grass and sagebrush and whatnot, and grouse. So they kind of got back in the pines, they'd gone quite a ways farther, and I had to go 'way around and get around all the tracks. I could hear the bells from the sheep. We had a few sheep that had bells on. I yelled and yelled and got all the sheep headed back to the sidehill so they could go down the hill to camp.

Then I thought, "Well, the sun is not down yet, I'll just sit here and wait and let the sheep go down the hill kind of slow." I didn't want them to go too fast because otherwise they'd stir up

a lot of rocks and maybe ruin some of the feed. So I just figured they'd go slow and eat and I could get them back to camp by sundown and that would work out real good. So, I was sitting there and I had a pocketknife and I was whittling on this stick, and all at once I heard a noise, like someone had broken a stick or two. It was back in the trees behind me. I thought, "What made that?" I know that stick was broken, but I thought I'd got around all the sheep. "Well, if I didn't, if it's a little bunch I left, they'll catch up in a minute." So, I sat there but no sheep ever did come out of the pine trees. I thought, "Now, that's funny. Could that be a bear?" I thought, "I believe I'll go back in there and take a look. But what if I meet that bear?" So, I thought, "Well, I'll just put a bullet in the gun, in the barrel."

KI: How old were you?

David: I was nineteen then, about nineteen, that year. So, I thought, "Well, I'll walk back in there and if I meet that bear, all I've got to do is just cock the gun and I can shoot, so, I'll be safe. I won't have to go click, click." So, I got back in there, about where I thought I heard the noise, and the dog, old Tip, starting smelling around and he smelt something and he just stopped and his old fur just stood straight up. I thought he could smell something, maybe he could smell that bear's scent, if it were it bear. So, I said, "Sic him, Tip, sic him!" Boy, he started going around through the trees, so I thought, "I bet he can follow that old bear's scent." Because I couldn't see the tracks because it was just pine needles and rocks and so on, you couldn't see the bear's tracks. "Well, if that's a bear, we'll catch that bear!"

So, down through the trees the dog went and I was trying to keep up with the dog, boy, and I can just see him smelling and going this way and that way. I got excited. I thought, "Boy, oh, boy! Maybe I'll get to shoot a bear yet." All at once the dog got out of my sight, but I knew he was going down this ridge and I heard the dog bark. I thought, "Oh, boy, he's caught the bear. Maybe the bear will get scared and climb a tree. If it does, all I've got to do is shoot the bear and I've got him." So, I hurried as fast as I could and before I got down to where I thought I heard him barking, the dog was coming back.

I thought, "Wait a minute! Turn around!" He was coming back to find me, I guess. So, I said, "Sic him, Tip!" He turned around again and off he went. By golly, he went down the sidehill and I was just puffing and puffing. I thought, "I've got to stop. What if I see the bear?" But I got down this sidehill and I got down looking and I was kind of on the sidehill, looking back up, and there the bear was. The bear was looking right smack at me. The bear had stopped and looked down at me. I thought, "There he is. He's going to run through those trees; [I hope] I can shoot him before he gets to the trees." So, I grabbed my gun and just as I went to, the bear started just kind of loping through the trees and bang! And he went out of sight. I thought, "Oh, my gosh, I wonder if I hit him. Maybe I did, and maybe I wounded him. Maybe I missed him, but if I wounded him, maybe I can go up and get another shot."

So, I run just as fast as I could up the hill to where I'd seen him go through the trees, and just as I went through the trees, there the bear was, laying on his back, with his feet up in the air. I thought, "Did I hit him? Maybe I knocked him out. I wonder if he's dead." I didn't hardly want to waste another bullet, so I thought I'd just wait a minute, and he never moved. So, I just reached over and there was kind of a dead stick, from a quaking aspen tree, that was right there. I thought, "If I just reach over there and tickle his toes, if he moves, then I'll shoot him." So, I put

another bullet in my gun and I had the gun. I thought, "I'll use that stick and tickle that old bear's toes." So, I tickled his toes and that bear never even moved. I thought, "Wow!" I just yelled, "I shot a bear!! I shot a bear!!"

I thought, "Oh, my gosh, when I get back to camp and tell my brother, he won't even believe this." So, I didn't even think about eating the bear or anything. A lot of people said, "Why didn't you cut its throat and bleed it and you could have had bear meat?" But, I was so excited I just wanted to run back down and tell my brother I'd shot a bear. So, as soon as that happened, then I thought, "Instead of going behind the sheep, I'll go out in the trees and get ahead of the sheep and I'll get to camp first, because I'm pretty sure the sheep will come down to camp now."

Well, when I got back to camp, my brother wasn't there. He'd stayed up the creek talking with the cowboys. I thought, "I've got to tell him." So, I yelled and yelled, because normally I could yell and he'd yell back. So, I started up the creek and I yelled and yelled. I thought, "Darn! I've got to tell him." I yelled again and all at once I heard him yelling, so I knew he was coming back down the creek.

So, I waited there until he came along, and he said, "What are you doing here? I thought you were up there bringing the sheep down." I said, "Guess what? I've shot a bear!" He said, "Oh, you didn't; you're just pulling my leg." I said, "No, the bear's up there. Let's go up and skin him. We'll save the hide. That would make a good rug." He wasn't too big of a bear, but he was a brown color and I thought, "Wouldn't that be good?" Here it was the 28th and we had to leave Pole Creek on the morning of the first [of October], so we've only got two more days to go, but if we can skin that bear, we can still put salt on. We had salt we used to feed our sheep, kind of like ice cream salt, we could scatter salt on there and kind of preserve the hide, so no flies or anything could get on it.

So, we thought, "Well, if we go up there at night, all we've got is just a candle." We didn't have any flashlights or any lanterns in the tent. We just had candles for the summer time. "And if there's a little breeze, the candle light will blow out and you can't see how to skin it and we might cut the hide, so maybe we'd better wait until the morning. Then in the morning we'll start the sheep up one ridge and we'll go up there and skin the bear and get back." So, we did that. So, that night we made sure we had a cloth that was clean. We had a whetstone, and we sharpened our blades so they'd be good and sharp. So, we went up and there the bear was, still there.

So, we went ahead and skinned the bear. He was such a fat little bear. I guess the end of September the bears are getting all the fatness they can have so they can hibernate for the winter. So, we thought, "All that good, old fat! We could melt that fat, and have all the grease. We could grease our boots or shoes or saddles or bridles. Oh, that's the kind of grease we need." So then we thought, "Well, then, let's lay the bear hide out." We took the meat saw with us. We thought, "We'll skin the bear down, then we can wipe the head off the bear and also the feet and save the claws and everything on the hide. Then if we have the hide tanned, it will have the head on it and everything will be perfect."

So, we did that. We laid the hide out and put all the fat from the bear on the hide and after we got all the fat, then we took out the inside, there was a lot of fat around its kidneys and so on. And there its heart was and in the bottom of the heart, a bullet hole right through the heart. It was a lucky shot. He was just loping and I was just lucky enough to shoot him. So, there, man, I hit the bear right in the heart. No wonder he was dead and laid on his back.

There was so much fat on his hips, you could cut down on his hips and you could almost take your finger and there'd be that much fat. Well, let's take that fat, too. So, we pull

all that fat, then we had to grab all four feet and put that on our shoulders and pack this hide clear back to camp. Boy, it took us a couple of hours, probably, to get back to camp, packing that old bear hide and all the fat, but we made it back to camp.

Then we thought, "Well, now, we'll cover it up with a canvas so that there will be no flies, but tonight..." that would be the 29th, "...we've got to melt all that grease and see if we can save as much grease as we can." We thought, "We've got two or three old honey cans that we've still kind of packed along and instead of throwing those honey cans away, let's put the grease in those honey cans." They were gallon honey cans. I think we had an old coffee can there, too. We thought, "Maybe we can put some grease in that."

So, we stayed up that one night, frying that fat in a frying pan over a little old wooden stove, in the tent, until midnight or later, melting that grease. You won't believe it, but we actually got five gallons of grease. We got all these cans full and we thought, "My gosh, if we take that grease back to Vernal, we could have grease to last us for a long time." But then we thought, "Well, it's kind of a smelly grease, so we won't grease our saddles, otherwise our Levis will smell of that bear grease." But we could grease our saddles or bridles or harnesses for the team and all that, which we did. So, we brought that grease back.

On our way home, when we left, we put the hide on top of one of the pack saddles. We thought when we got back to the ranger station, which was there north of Whiterocks, George Walkup was the ranger in those days and they had a ranger station there, right by Bacon Park where the scouts go now. Just on the north side of Bacon Park was the ranger station and he had a telephone. So, we drove the sheep and we weren't too far away from the ranger station where we camped that one night, so my brother said, "I'll go up and call Mother and Dad and tell them you shot the bear. Maybe they'll come and pick us up."

So, he called my mother and dad and they could hardly believe it, too, so they said, "We'll be over in the old '28 Chev." And, Father came over and said, "Okay, you take the bear hide home with your mother and I'll stay with Lynn and we'll keep driving the sheep and then we'll be in Vernal in a couple of days and we'll meet you there, then you'll need to take the sheep out to Chipeta Wells."

So, I got in the old '28 Chev and we brought the hide home that night and the next day I thought, "Well, I'll take it down..." I was going to show it to Leo Thorne, who was our old photographer. So, I parked in front of his shop. He had a shop right there on Main Street, north side of the road, about where Anderson, the jeweler, is [approximately 26 West Main]. Right along in there. He came out and looked at it. I laid it just out on the fender of the '28 Chev and everybody walked by. "Gosh, where'd you get that bear?" I said, "I just shot it a couple of days ago." Mr. Thorne said, "Hey, I know a guy that could probably tan it for you and make a rug out of it." Because I said, "All I've done is put salt on it and it hasn't spoiled it any because it's only two or three days old." So, he said, "Why don't I do that?" And I said, "Why, that would be fine if you'd do that. Then I could pay you later, when you get it tanned and make a rug out of it." I said, "I'd sure like to have the real teeth of the head put in it." He said, "Well, a lot of them just put in false teeth. If you want the real teeth, I'll tell this taxidermist to put the real teeth in."

About a month later, I found out that it had been completed and it cost me \$25 to have that bear hide mounted and made into a rug. I still have it today. It's right up in the attic and

every time the little grandkids come, a lot of times, they say, “Well, Grandpa, go get the bear hide.” So, I lay it out here on the floor and they lay down on it and have the most fun. In fact, I’ll show you a picture of it.

[Pause]

KI: I wanted to ask if you remember who any of your schoolteachers were in Maeser.

David: Oh, yeah. My first grade schoolteacher’s name was Nellie Hacking. Boy, she was a good teacher. In fact, she was kind of a relative of ours. After she had taught us that first year, she decided to get married again. Her husband had been killed. So, she married Marion Allen, who just had a home down here a ways. But I remember she had a son named Gordon Hacking. Gordon and I were about the same age. We were in the first grade together.

I remember one time she wanted all of us to draw pictures. So, Gordon was quite a little artist and he drew a picture of a horse’s head. Boy, it was just so good! I drew a picture of a little Indian boy with a bow and arrow shooting a rabbit. Our teacher thought those were the two best pictures, so she put them on the board, mine and Gordon’s. I’ll never forget that because she thought, “Hey, that was a good picture of you shooting that little rabbit with the bow and arrow.” And Gordon could draw such a pretty horse’s head.

She was our first grade teacher, a very good teacher. I still have report cards. I’ve got first, second, third, I think most of my report cards until the eighth grade.

Anyway, my second grade teacher was Thora Colton. Was she a sister to Hugh Colton or Ed Colton? I forget who her dad was [Frank Edwin Colton]. But she was sure a good teacher. I think she was my second one, I’m kind of getting mixed up with my second and third. My third one was Miss Belcher. Just after she taught us a year, then she got married to a Williams. Her son now is Bob Williams and their daughter married my cousin, Carl Collett, Donna Williams, Donna Collett. She was sure a good teacher. I’m going to tell you just a little bit about her.

When I was in the second grade, it seemed like that year the measles, the mumps, the scarlet fever, the German measles, was coming through the schools at that time and I got just about all of them, a lot of them, and I missed quite a lot of school. But I still made it up. But when I was in the third grade, Miss Belcher, who is now Mrs. Williams, said, “I’m going to give a prize to students who can go to school every day this year.” I thought, “Boy, I’d sure like to win a prize!”

KI: That seems to have been a real motivator for you.

David: I’d say! I thought, “Well, my goodness, I’ll just see if I can’t be to school every day. I don’t want to have a cold; I’ve had scarlet fever, I’ve had measles, I’ve had the mumps.” So, that year I went to school every day. I never missed one day. I was the only boy in the class that made it through and there was one girl. So, she said she’d give us a prize if we could go without missing a day, and guess what I got for a prize? A whole bag of brand new marbles. She had bought them, I’m sure, with her own money, about twenty marbles. We always used to play marbles out at recess. I got that bag of marbles and I kept those marbles for a long time. I always thought so much of her because she gave me that bag of marbles.

Then my fourth grade teacher was Lola Smith. She just lived over here, just a half mile from where I live now. She was sure a good teacher. Then my fifth grade teacher was Mrs. LeRoy Carroll, Othella Carroll. She was in the fifth grade, a very good teacher. And our sixth grade was Charlie Colton. He was a brother of Ed Colton and also a brother of my uncle, Don B. Colton. My uncle Don B. Colton married my father's sister, then she died, then he married my mother's sister.

Anyway, Charlie Colton impressed me very good. He taught me how to diagram a sentence: subject, predicate, verb and all that. After that I never had to worry about sentences, because he taught me how to do it. Even when I went to college, some of our English classes, they'd say, "Well, diagram that sentence." Well, I know how to that; it's so simple, because Charlie Colton taught me how to do it. By gosh, he impressed me so much. Normally, in the sixth grade, he'd like us to sing a song to start the class out in the morning, and the pledge of allegiance. Boy, I thought that was really good of him to do that, but I'll never forget one song, "Juanita," a good, old song. We used to sing that and I'd listen and watch him sing, then I'd try to sing it, too. Every time I hear that song, I think of Charlie Colton.

Then my seventh grade teacher was Don McConkie. He lived just this side of the Maeser store on the west side of the road. His home is still there. His house is still there, just on the west side of the road. He was a real good teacher. He wanted us to learn how to grow things and we took a little can and put dirt in it and put a seed of corn in it and put it in the south windows up there in the seventh grade and watched that corn get started before school was out.

Our final teacher was Karl Preece. He was the principal of Maeser School and also the eighth grade teacher. And he was really a good one.

KI: Did they have four classes downstairs and four classes upstairs?

David: Yeah, four downstairs and four up.

KI: About how many kids would have been in a class?

David: There were about twenty of us, it seems like, fifteen or twenty.

KI: Not really large classes?

David: Not too large of classes, yeah. I remember they assigned us little seats, we had little seats that we could sit in. They had an ink pot up here and a place to put our books underneath it. We could sit in that seat and try to get in the back seats. If we made too much noise, then we had to move up to the front and someone else could sit in the back. But I normally had pretty good teachers.

KI: When you went to high school, did they bus you?

David: Up to that time there were hardly any buses. My sisters always had to go in the buggy with the horse to high school. Sometimes, I'd ride a horse down there and we had a place to tie the horses up by the high school. Finally, old Mr. Akhurst, they lived right in this home, just

across the road, he had an old truck and he put a bench on each side of the truck and a little top on it so about fifteen of us could sit in that. So, he took us to school, to high school. So, then I got to ride there. We didn't have a bus. A lot of time I'd even walk. Who would walk from here to the high school? Not too many kids. But a lot of time I'd walk home from school. I learned how to run. I'll tell you a story about racing a little later in high school, if you'd like. But we did have that bus from Mr. Akhurst.

Then when I retired from the military service, the first year I lived right across the road in Mr. Akhurst's house and come across here to build our house. My wife and I did 'most all the work in this house. That was forty years ago almost.

But anyway, in school, of course, then we took all the school. Freshman and sophomore years were pretty hard years. I took my trumpet and played in the band. Mr. Winn was our conductor.

KI: Did you have a marching band?

David: We had a marching band, yeah. Then in the spring we got to go to Provo or Price. I know one year we went to Price for competition, a couple of years we went to Provo. Uintah High School had their uniforms and we went marching down University Avenue. I remember playing in the old tabernacle once, kind of a quartet of us and they gave us a good grade. I played the trumpet, somebody else played the French horn, and somebody the trombone, and it worked out really good.

KI: What else did you do when you were in high school besides band, extracurricular things?

David: Band was the main thing because I didn't get to play ball because I always had to come home and do the chores. We had chores to do every night. We had cows to milk and wood to chop and so on. In fact, it was 1937, two years after I got out of high school, it was actually after we sold the sheep, in October, 1937, when we finally got water and a bathroom in our home. Up to that time we just had the little outhouse out by the corral. How many kids went through high school and only had a Saturday night bath whether they needed it or not? Not only that, but that was after my two sisters had taken a bath in the tub, then I added some more warm water, then I'd take a bath, because they weren't very dirty.

KI: But you did run?

David: Oh, yes. During our high school, you would run around the track. Every year they had the cross-country race. That was a two-and-a-half mile run. We'd start at the high school, get over here, then go down Main Street. Main Street had the old, we called it the Doughboy, right in the middle of town. That was there when I was in high school. We'd run around that and go clear on down to 5th East, I think it was, then turn around and come back.

So, when I was a senior, I thought, "Boy, I'd sure like to see if I can't get near the front this time." Because I didn't run too much until I was about a senior. But there were two boys, two brothers, Sterling Cook and his brother, and I forget his [brother's name], but they both rode bicycles and they both delivered papers in the morning. They'd get out and ride those bicycles and they'd run. They were both good racers. So, I thought, "Man, I don't know whether I can

outrun the Cook boys or not, but I'll try." Then I had another friend named Norman Johnson. I forget his father's name, but he's Venil Johnson's cousin. He was just a little guy, but he and I were practiced up pretty well.

So, every spring they'd have this cross-country race. Carl Davis was our coach. So, when we went into athletics in the springs, why, we'd run races. But on this day, we thought, "Okay, this was the day we'll have the two-and-a-half mile race." So, off we went, started at the high school, didn't want to go too fast at the start. I thought I'd have to save my energy to the last. We went clear down past the center of town, past the old Doughboy, and then clear down and back. Coming back I had a lot of kids holler at me, "Come on, David, keep going, keep going. You're going to catch them!" The two Cook boys were still ahead of me, but I thought I might catch them. But I never could catch them.

Near the end Norman Johnson and I were just about together. Norman was just behind. Sterling got first and his brother got second, and here came Norman and me. And, boy, we were running! Norman just about caught me, just about the last block, and I just kept going. Finally, I got ahead of him and I got third. He got fourth. Boy, I felt so good. At least I got third.

Then, just a quick story about Norman. He joined the Army Air Corps, later, after I did. He got into fighter aircraft. After I graduated, I was stationed at Victorville, California, as an instructor for two or three years. One day here came Norman in a P-38, a twin-engine aircraft, a fighter. I thought, "Oh, if I could just fly a P-38!" I always wanted to go to fighters, but I ended up flying bombers in the last part of the war. But anyway, Norman came and stayed all night at Victorville. I went out with him to get the airplane started the next morning because he had to go back. I think he was stationed in Luke, Arizona. He said, "I have to go back, but I thought I'd come and see you." It was a weekend. So, I went down with him to get the airplane started. I said, "Oh, Norman, I wish I could fly with you. Oh, if I could fly that 38!"

There was just one pilot, but he had two engines. I don't know whether you've seen a picture of a P-38 or not. But anyway, it was two engines and kind of two tails, and, boy, you could do loops and spins, and I thought, "Wouldn't it be good if I could fly one of those?" So, I bid him good-bye. I said, "By gosh, I'll see you again." He said, "I may have to go overseas." And I said, "Well, I will, too, but right now they want me to stay here as an instructor, so, I'll see you."

Evidently, he got back there and then he did go overseas, but instead of flying the P-38, they got him in what they called a P-47, a single engine fighter. It had a big old engine, boy, it was big, one of the best fighters we had at that time, plus the P-51. But he got in this P-47, and, by gosh, he got shot down. So, his name is down there in front of the courthouse with the names of the ones that were killed.

[Pause]

KI: Okay, after you graduated from high school, you stayed and worked for your dad for a while, until you were twenty-one, then you went to BYU. So, when you were at BYU, what did you major in?

David: When I got to BYU, I wasn't sure just what I could major in. I thought, "Wait a minute, I'm going to start the winter quarter. I don't want to flunk college. I've been out of school since

'35 and here it was 1938, January of '38. So, I thought, "Well, I'll look through the schedule." And there was a class called sheep husbandry. "I'll take sheep husbandry. That will be one class." I could surely pass that one. But then, of course, I took English and biology and all the rest.

Then I had another friend and he said, "Hey, let's learn how to type." "Oh, hey, I don't know whether I could type or not." "They're going to start a new class on the winter quarter for just new students." So, I thought, "Okay, so, I'll take typing." So, I took typing and sheep husbandry and biology and English and all that. I passed all of it and learned how to type thirty words a minute. Boy, I thought I was doing pretty good before I got through. Then, of course, I took band. I thought, "Hey, I'll take band and play my trumpet." So, that winter wasn't too bad and I made pretty good grades. I got an A in sheep husbandry. At least I got one A! In fact, I got more A's than I did C's, and all the rest were B's. Did I get one D? I'm not sure. I better not admit that. That might have been history.

So, over the years I did pretty good. I took the winter and the spring, then, of course, like I mentioned, I did herd sheep that summer. I made enough money to come back. Then after I finished that year, BYU said, "Now, if you'd like to stay at the BYU, there's work for men and women, twenty-five cents an hour." I thought, "Hey, if I could work at BYU!" They said they had to paint some building rooms and stuff down on the lower campus, which included the Maeser Building, on 5th North. So, another fellow and I got that job to paint some of the buildings. We had to put up ladders and try to paint the ceilings. Oh, those ceilings are high. But I worked for the BYU that summer doing painting jobs and made twenty-five cents an hour and made enough to buy my tuition again, for \$86.50, for three semesters.

Then the next year, they said, "We need somebody to water the lawns up on the upper campus. Would you like to be the one to do that?" I thought, "Golly, that would be a good job." They said, "You can do that along in the spring of the year. You can start watering the lawns. You can go up there and water before it's time to start school, and we'll give you twenty-five cents an hour." So, I got that job. But, of course, the upper campus, at that time, was only three buildings up there: the Maeser Building, the Heber J. Grant Library and the Brimhall Building, plus the president's home. So, I just had to water those buildings. Out behind, farther north, was the apple trees and all that, farms, so I did that. So, I got twenty-five cents an hour for that all summer long and all fall. So, I made twenty-five cents an hour, boy! I was doing pretty good.

Then the last year, I decided to stay there. They said, "Hey, we'll give you *thirty* cents an hour now." "Wow," I thought, "a nickle more an hour? Man, I can buy my girlfriend an ice cream sundae and go to the picture show for fifteen cents on a Saturday and still be ahead." So, the last year I worked for thirty cents an hour and I felt pretty good about it.

But then, the last year I took school, that would be 1941, spring of '41, but I still didn't have enough credits to graduate because I had missed that first quarter way back in 1937. Normally, you'd at least have to take fifteen or sixteen hours and I took seventeen and sometimes eighteen hours, thinking maybe I could make that up. But the end of that spring quarter, I still needed ten hours. You could take nine hours during summer school, but I needed ten. I decided to major in music, as you can imagine.

The professor of music was Professor de Jong. He was from Germany, a real good man. I'd taken piano lessons from him and other lessons, and also I took most of my theory of music from LeRoy Robinson, who was a really good music teacher. But, I talked to him, and I said, "I

sure would like to finish up this summer if I could, but I've got to have ten more hours." He said, "Wait a minute. Let's look at your record." And he looked and he said, "By gum, you've got more A's than you've got C's. I'll okay it. You can take ten hours if you want, then you can line up your school by taking that summer course."

KI: Was this after Pearl Harbor?

David: No, this was before. It was the summer of 1941. So, I thought, "Okay, I'll do that." Then I thought, "Now, as soon as I get through college, I know I'll be right up, right ready to be drafted." Because the draft board had been taking everyone that was available into the draft during 1940 and '41. So, I thought, "I don't hardly feel like joining the Army. I believe I'll see if I can't join the Army Air Corps and learn to fly airplanes." At that time, you had to have a minimum of two years of college to even qualify to go into the cadet program. So, I took the ten hours and finished up my requirements for my BYU B.S. degree in music, and I minored in English.

Just after I did that, I went up to Fort Douglas and took the physical exams and all. They said, "Boy, you're in good shape. You passed your physical good. You've got your two years of college. We'll send your papers in and see what happens." I thought, "Well, okay."

Well, in a couple of weeks, the papers come back and said, "Okay, you've been accepted to the cadet program. You'll be assigned to Cal-Aero Academy at Ontario, California." It was just west of San Bernadino. "Report back on the 27 September 1941.

So, I got all ready to go. I tried to get some of my friends to go. I wanted to see if Merrill Anderson would go with me, but he hadn't had two years of college, and my cousin, Mark Stringham, no, he didn't want to join the Army Air Corps. All my other friends said no, so I said, "I'm going to do it anyway."

So, I left Vernal and got on the bus. My mother and my sisters took me down to get on the bus.

KI: Did the rest of the guys you left behind eventually get drafted?

David: They finally got drafted and got in the service. I left Vernal about the 26 of September. September is a good month, because that's when I shot the bear, was on the 28th! Anyway, as I left on the bus, my mother hadn't been feeling well for several years. On the way home she told my sisters, "Well, I think that's the last time I'll ever see my son David."

KI: But she didn't say anything to you, did she?

David: No, she didn't say anything to me, just told them. I don't know whether she thought she would pass away or whether I would get killed or not. She didn't say. She just said, "I don't think I'll ever see my son again." Which is right, because just three months later, she died, while I was still a cadet. She died in December.

So, I went out to Fort Douglas and they said, "Okay, now you've got to sign all the papers here and when you put your name right there, you belong to Uncle Sam. You're not a

civilian anymore, you have to do what he says.” I thought, “Okay, I’m going to learn how to fly airplanes, so I’ll sign.” They said, “In the morning, you’ve got to get on a train and go down to California, Ontario, and there’ll be several other people that will be on the train, too.” So, I signed in.

They said, “Now, we can either leave you in the barracks tonight here on Fort Douglas, or we can take you down and you can stay in a hotel in town. They’ll pick you up in a car in the morning and take you down to the train station.” I thought, “Oh, well, let me stay in a hotel.” I thought, “This is better than herding sheep!” So, they took me down. I think it cost \$2.50 to let me sleep in that hotel that night. The next morning, they picked me up and took me down to the train station.

There were quite a few other men that were going down to Cal-Aero Academy, too, in California. So, it took us all day and then all night to get to California, riding that old train, with the old smokestack blowing the smoke back at you. But the next morning we got to Ontario about sunup and they met us with a big old Army truck and they said, “Put all your suitcases in, jump in, and we’ll take you out to where you’re going to start your training.”

Boy, it felt so good. I thought, “Man, I’ve got it made!” But just as soon as we got there, they unloaded all the suitcases and we walked through the gate and were met by the upperclassmen. They said, “Stand at attention! Left! Right!” All that. We thought, “Man, we’ve joined the Army Air Corps for sure.” But I thought it was pretty good. I did enjoy it.

KI: You said this was the Army Air Corps, so it was part of the Army, it wasn’t part of the Air Force?

David: Yes, it was still part of the Army. The Air Force hadn’t really been the United States Air Force yet. So, it was really called the Army Air Corps in 1941.

So, then, they said, “We’ll start flying on October 1. You’ll go to ground school one-half of the day and fly a half a day. And every week it will change.”

I met a lot of good friends while I was there. Of course, for the first few weeks, you couldn’t get off the base, because you were the underclassmen. They had two other classes ahead of us. My class was called 42-D. They go [through the alphabet] clear up to J, I think. They figured, okay, you’ll graduate the fourth month of ‘42, January, February, March, April. You’ll graduate in April of 1942, so, you’re 42-D. So, I was in class 42-D.

We stayed there. I took my primary training and also my basic training at this one particular base, called Cal-Aero Academy. Then after we finished our basic training, they said, “Now some of you will go to ? School and train to be fighter pilots in your advanced training. Some of you will go to bomber school, so you can fly the B-17 or the B-24,” which is the big airplanes they had at that time. That was before the B-29. So, the two main big bombers were the B-17 and the B-24.

Well, I had a good buddy, an LDS man, he’s still one of my best friends, still lives out here in a little town called Benjamin, Utah, which is kind of west of Payson, or south of Provo, southwest of Provo. His name is Walter T. Stewart. If you’ve ever seen his film, called *The Utah Man*, it tells the story about him flying over Polesti, Romania, when they bombed the Polesti Oil Field on August 1, 1943. He was on that raid and he tells about it. It’s a really good film; I’ve got it if you ever want to see it.

So, he talked to several others and they said, "Why don't we volunteer to go to twin engine school. Then we might be able to get B-17s." I said, "Golly, I'd kind of like to fly fighters. I have a hard enough time just flying this one BT-13. All the instruments here, speed, manifold pressure and all that, if I have to watch two of them or four of them, boy, that would be too hard. I believe I better just go to fighter school." They said, "Okay, come on, David. You're such a good pilot. You've done real good in both primary and basic, why don't we volunteer to go to twin engine school." After he coaxed me a couple of days, I said, "Okay, I'll volunteer with you and we'll go to twin engine school." We didn't know where. But when the orders came out, they sent us to Victorville, which is only about forty-five miles away from Ontario, on the way to Las Vegas.

So that was just a brand new school. They were just going to start it. We were the first class of cadets to go there. We got there in February in 1942 and we were scheduled to take our advanced training and graduate in April. They didn't even have the runway made. They had just knocked over the mesquite bushes with a grader. So, that's your runway. They'd made a ramp out of cement and our buildings, but even our barracks hadn't been completed yet. They got the roof on, but the rooms just had the two-by-fours on, but there was nothing between the rooms. This was your room, but you could see the other guy next door. The carpenters were still working on it. But they got us there so early because the war had started on December 7, 1941 while we were at Cal-Aero Academy.

Going back to that, now. I had just about completed my primary training when war started December 7, 1941. So, the next morning, they said, "Boy, from now on we're going to have to guard the base. You cadets will have to guard the base at night as well as fly and go to ground school, too." So, we'd take turns, maybe two hours apiece. Some of us would have to march around the base from 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock or from midnight until 2, then another cadet would relieve us. Then we'd get a little bit of sleep. We did that all the time until we went to Victorville, 'cause all they had was just a barbed wire fence and they said, "Anyone can crawl through the fence if they wanted to." Or crawl under it. But we did that.

Anyway, we went to Victorville together, Walter Stewart and about six or seven more. I have a picture there, I'll show you in a minute. So, we took our advanced training there. Then when we were about finished with our advanced training, then they said, "Okay, one-third of this class will have to go to B-24s, one-third to B-17s, but we're going to have to keep one-third for instructors. The war's on and we've got to have more instructors." So, Walter Stewart said, "Let's volunteer for B-17s."

KI: Nobody wanted to stay and be the instructor?

David: I said, "Walter, I volunteered to go to twin engines. I'm not going to volunteer to go again." "Well, come on, I want to fly B-17s!" And I said, "Oh, I just think I'll let Uncle Sam send me where he wants to. I really want to go to fighter school, but I guess I won't have a chance now, 'cause they'd just said 'one-third to B-17s, one-third to B-24s, a four engine, but one-third is going to have to stay instructors.'" So, I thought, "Well, if they send me there, I'll go with you, but if not, I'll go wherever they send me." When the orders came out, I got to be there as an instructor. And I stayed right there in Victorville instead of going to some other base as an instructor. They said, "We've got to have four or five instructors right here in Victorville. So,

we'll keep Lt. Hall and four other guys and you'll be the main instructors."

So, I stayed there at Victorville. Walter went; instead of 17s, he got orders to go to B-24s. Then, of course, his film tells the story about that and it's sure a good film. So, I stayed there as an instructor. Walter went to B-24s and, to make a long story short, he went to England and flew with another pilot, who was a couple of classes ahead of us. This particular pilot, I think, lived out here by Wellington, or east of Price. When he heard that an LDS boy was coming to Louisiana, or someplace, he said, "Hey, I want that young man to be my co-pilot." So, at the end of the story, he ended up being [with] this other Utah fellow. They were good friends, both LDS people.

After he'd flown so many missions, he'd flown enough that he could have his own crew. So, then Walter got his own crew. But this other good old LDS boy got killed in a formation one time. He went through a cloud and another airplane hit him. Down he went. Walter stayed and flew enough missions to come home. He had such a good crew, to make a long story short, after he'd completed enough missions, which is twenty-five missions, he'd come back. The war was still on, but the crew said, "Don't go home, because if some other fellow—the co-pilot would be the main pilot and he's not a good pilot—we'll never make it. Why don't you stay with us a little longer." So, he decided to stay a little longer. If it had been me, I'd have come home, but Walter decided, "Okay, I'll stay with you. I'll fly some more missions." What if he got shot down?

So, he stayed and all at once they decided that, hey, we've got to stop old Hitler from getting so much oil up to his troops and so on. "If we can fly over and bomb Polesti Oil Fields, we can stop all those oil fields from giving an oil supply to Hitler." So, they decided to pick a certain group of men from England and Walter Stewart's crew was one of them. So, they sent them to Africa to train low-level missions. Africa is quite level, so they let them just fly at treetop level just above the bushes. They figured you got to get over here and bomb this oil field without them picking you up on radar, because they'd shoot you down if you don't. So, they trained them for quite some time.

They didn't know where they were going to go because it was all secret, but they knew they were going to go somewhere to help win the war. So, to make a long story short, they finally got the word to go to Polesti. So, they had to fly from Africa, across the Mediterranean, over the mountains and down, above the top of the trees, and try to bomb this oil field. So, they had it all planned. A certain group of them would go this way and come in. A certain group would go this way. But don't go along this way because there was a whole lot of those big, old yak-yak guns, or whatever they call them, that could probably shoot you down. They were well protected, only about one way you might be able to get in, but a lot of you will never make it back.

They thought, "We've got to stop it." So, they took off, but they had to go through some clouds and some of the navigators got a little mixed up on which way they were supposed to come.

Begin Tape 344

David: So, on the way to this target, they'd all been briefed and maybe eight or ten B-24s were coming from this direction and that direction. They had their maps and everything. After they got out of these clouds and over near the target area, they could see the railroad. The navigator said,

“Hey, I think we’re on the railroad.” But they looked up the road and they could see a big town up there. Well, come to find out that was what they called Bucharest, in Hungary. And they said, “Hey, that’s not our target! Our target’s over here to the left. What are we going to do now? We can’t bomb that. We’ve got to go over here and this is our target to our left.” They could see the smokestacks and so on from the oil fields then. So, they go to make a turn.

But that was exactly the wrong place to come in, because they’d probably be shot down. So, they thought, “My gosh, what will we do?” So, the colonel that Stewart was flying with, he was his wing man, he says, “Now, if something happens to me, you, Lt. Stewart, will be the leader.” So, they turned and, boy, they got right down to tree top level. Boy, they started to heading toward the target and, of course, the Germans saw them coming, so they started shooting. They shot the lead aircraft down, so the colonel went down in flames and here’s Walter Stewart trying to lead the other airplanes behind him.

They kept going to the target, and dropped their bombs on the target, took off from the target at just tree top level. He just jumped over a fence. In fact, there was a building there and they thought, “Hey, that’s a chicken coop.” But when they got right there, the chicken coop opened up and there the guns were. Boy, they started shooting them. Walter Stewart got hit, his third engine got hit. So, they had to stop the engine. They still dropped their bombs and when they got through, boy, they just went right down and just turned the other direction and got away from the guns as fast as they could go. But quite a lot of them got shot down and got kind of confused. But they did destroy quite a bit of the oil fields on that particular mission.

But now, they couldn’t keep up with the other aircraft on the way back because they only had three engines. They threw out everything they could throw out, making the airplane lighter. They thought, “Now, if we crash land, we’ll be caught as prisoners of war. Shall we try to fly back?” He talked to his crew on interphone and he said, “What do you think we’d better do?” One little kid that was along, said, “Hey, that old Mediterranean isn’t any worse than flying over some of the rivers in Montana,” or something to that effect, kind of a joke, so they all decided, “Well, we might make it and we might not. We may have to land in the Mediterranean, but let’s hope we make it.” So, the rest of the airplanes left them and they just had to fly alone, like an old lame horse, across the Mediterranean.

They were the last ones to finally get there, and just before they got there, they turned on what they called the British Broadcasting Company, BBC, and they heard this song: *Coming Home on a Wing and a Prayer*. They heard that and they thought, “Who’s making that noise?” Walter really tells it good. They thought, “Is that you?” “No, no, that’s coming over the earphones.” *Coming Home on a Wing and a Prayer*. “Boy,” they said, “that’s what we are. We’re coming home on a wing and prayer.”

They did make it in. They just come straight in, they didn’t try to make a pattern. They just landed and they were just about out of gas when they landed. So, they made it.

After they made that, I think he flew a couple, three more missions, then he decided he’d come on home. So, he left his crew and came on home. To make a long story short, then his crew was assigned back to England, and about two or three missions later, they were shot down. So, he lost most of his crew. He’d already come home, but he’d stayed with them that long. He finally got the Medal of Honor and a few other medals that came later. But he was sure a good classmate. So, that’s a quick story about Walter.

KI: He was from Price, you say?

David: No, his pilot was from Price. Stewart was from Benjamin, Utah. He still lives out there today in his old grandfather's home that was built there, a little old log cabin. He's added onto it and made a nice, beautiful home out of it. I've been out there to see him.

KI: What were you doing during this time, after you graduated and taught for a while?

David: They wanted me there as an instructor, so I stayed there as an instructor in Victorville from 1942, '43, '44, until the spring of '45. I knew I'd be going overseas soon, but they still wanted me to stay there as a bombardier pilot. We also used to train the bombardiers how to drop their bombs and fly over targets, and train them before they went overseas into different crews. I guess before I left there I had more flying hours than what they called an AT-11, Advanced Trainer-11. I had more hours in that airplane than anybody else on the base. I had over 2,400 hours in just one airplane. So, I went around targets many times. Also, I instructed a lot of good cadets and the lieutenants that came there to get their training. So, that was really a good assignment. I did go down for one summer to Albuquerque, New Mexico, from Victorville, then I had to come back. That was just on temporary duty, to go down there and help with the school down there, the bombardier school, in 1943.

While I was there, we'd fly all week, but on Saturdays and Sundays we, as pilots, they said, "You as pilots can fly anywhere you'd like to go on weekends within a thousand miles of the base." So, I went from Albuquerque to Denver, Salt Lake, California, Oregon, and so on. So, I thought, "I'd kind of like to go back to Vernal. I'd like to buzz Vernal." So, in June of 1943, I was down in Albuquerque at that time and there were several other LDS boys there and they said, "Boy, I sure wish I could go to Salt Lake." I said, "Hey, if this is a good weekend, I can get an airplane and we'll fly to Salt Lake." So, I thought, "Okay, we'll fly up to Denver, then we can fly to Salt Lake and that would make a pretty good route, but in the meantime, I'd kind of like to buzz over Vernal, before we get to Salt Lake." So, we flew to Denver in an AT-11.

KI: Was it very big?

David: Just a twin-engine aircraft. I've got some pictures out in the shop that I'll show you. But that's the one I flew over Vernal. So, we took off from Denver and I thought, "Well, just in case I'm low on fuel, I think I'll fly from Denver up to Laramie, Wyoming." There was a little base up there. "I can gas up there, then I can fly over Diamond Mountain and down to Vernal and over to Salt Lake. That will work out good." That's the way I planned it.

So, I flew over to Laramie and got some gas and thought, "Boy, now, on my map I can fly right up over Diamond, come right up the Jackson Draw, right where I herded sheep the last year I worked for Uncle Joseph Hacking." I come right up that draw and, sure enough, there was still a sheep wagon down there. So, when I came to Vernal, I thought, "Wow! There's Vernal! Boy, I finally got back to my hometown!" So, I circled around up here by Maeser, went past the Maeser School. School had let out because that was in June, June 20, 1943.

KI: You couldn't land here, though?

David: Couldn't land, they didn't have a runway here or anything. They had a kind of a strip down here on what they call Sunshine Bench, where they'd just gone along with a grader. I thought, "I wonder if I could just touch my wheels down on that? That would be kind of good." So, I buzzed that, but I could see quite a lot of prairie dog holes, so I thought, "No, I won't take a chance on that."

Before that, in Vernal, the only place the airplanes would land, they landed up here just as you leave the valley going towards LaPoint. There is a little spot there where some of the little aircraft could land. Up to that time, Vernal had never seen many aircraft, airplanes. Once a year we'd have the Uintah County Fair and there'd be one little, single-engine aircraft land just east of the racetrack in a field there and give people a ride for \$5 a piece, if they wanted to have a ride. So, when I came over Vernal, no one else had ever flown that low to Vernal up to that time.

So, I buzzed Maeser a few times, then I thought, "Hey, I just might as well go down through Main Street." So, I turned around and went right down through Main Street. I'd tip my wings down and I could see the top roof of Ashtons and Main Street. It just looked so good from the air. I even came up this street, because I just lived down the road. These old cottonwood trees across the road here, still pretty good-sized trees, they've been there about a hundred years, I guess. I came just above the telephone lines. I thought, "Gosh, I've to raise up, we're going to hit these trees." So, I raised up to miss those trees. Now, if you do that today, they'll take your piloting license away from you. Everybody in Vernal woke up.

Then I went to Salt Lake, so I called my sister and said, "Hey, I'm going to come back tomorrow on my way to Albuquerque." So she said, "We'll be out there." So, my Aunt Bea Stringham, who lived just up the road here a ways, didn't get to see me the day before, so she said, "Hey, I'll come down." And as I come down the road, she'll get to see me. Because I could come down and tip my wings up and look at people down along the road, wave at them from the plane, going about 180 miles an hour.

So, I come down the road and as I went to go by them, my Aunt Bea come out there with a dish rag and waved and it flew back over her face and she missed me! She wrote me, "Just as you went by, the dish cloth come over my face and I didn't get to see you wave." It was quite a joke.

Later on that fall, I came back and went over the Maeser School, but not too low, then landed in Salt Lake. Then when I got one leave once, from Victorville to come home, my sister Maysie was teaching school at the Maeser School, third grade. So, she wanted me to come over and talk to the students, so I went over with my uniform on and they told me they'd seen me fly over and it was quite an event.

KI: You didn't leave the service, though, and you were never sent overseas?

David: I stayed in the service, then finally about the spring of 1945, we were still at war, in February or March, finally I got to go overseas. I didn't know where, but I knew I was going to be in Europe someplace. At that time they kept everything so secret. But I had to leave Victorville and go to North Carolina and stay there a day or two until they finally got us all together. Then they said, "Okay, we're going to give you your orders, but you can't open them up until you're thirty minutes on the airplane. After you leave the United States, after thirty

minutes, you can open your orders and find out where you're going to be assigned." I thought, "Hey, I bet I'll go to England." Right where old Walter Stewart was. I'm just guessing.

The aircraft we were on was a C-47, which we always called the Gooney Bird. The C-47 was a twin engine and that's the one we were on. So, we all got on, about eight or ten of us, and had our orders. We couldn't tell our wives. My wife went with me to North Carolina, but she didn't know which way I was going for sure. They said, "Don't open them or somebody, your wives, will know where you're going." So, I said I'd write to her just as soon as I could and tell her where I was at.

So, after thirty minutes, we looked at the board, it was twenty-nine minutes, okay, thirty, and we all opened the letters. Mine said, "You're going to go to Italy." Some of them said, "You're going to go to England." Mine said, "You're going to be assigned to the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy." So, we landed, in Newfoundland, I think, then back down. We ended up landing in Africa, then from Africa, we flew into Italy.

So, we went to Italy and was stationed clear down at the very southern end of Italy, right down there by the heel of the boot. We stayed there a few days, then they said, "You're going to be assigned up farther to a little place called Cerignola, and you'll be stationed there and fly from there. Up farther from there was another little place called Foggia and they had B-24s all strung along Italy.

So, after I'd been there just a day or two, then I got to fly my first mission. Of course, we had to take off at a certain time, and they had to take off at a certain time. By the time we got clear up to Switzerland, then we'd all be together, fly over Switzerland, and drop our bombs into Germany, turn around and come back.

I think the first target was a bridge, we had to blow up a bridge. Some of the targets I flew on were railroad yards where there'd be a lot of trains coming in and we'd blow them up. A few days later they could get those trains fixed and the tracks fixed, even a bridge, if we blew up the bridge. A week later we'd take a picture of it and they'd repaired that bridge. How did they ever repair it? Boy, the Germans were sure fast, because they had to cross the rivers in order to bring their supplies up to their troops. There were our troops trying to fighting them and the Germans up there. We had to fly over them and try to stop them from bringing supplies up to their troops, which we finally did. We finally ended the war on May 7, 1945.

So, after the war had ended, they said, "Now, some of you pilots will have to leave and go back to the US and go into B-29 training. We've still got to go back to Japan and try to bomb Japan and win the war in Japan." But they said, "Somebody's still got to stay here as the commanding officer of this squadron until we can get them home." So they said, I was a captain then, they said, "Well, Captain Hall, you've been a captain longer, because you were captain in Victorville for about three years" before I finally got over there. Normally, if a person got shot down over here, and he was a lieutenant, you could get promotion pretty fast, but I'd been a captain longer so they said, "Okay, you've been the captain longest, you'll have to stay here as the commanding officer of this little squadron until you come home by boat, by ship. The rest of us are going to be able to fly home and most of those fellows were going to be assigned to B-29s." So, I didn't volunteer for that, but I thought, "Okay." So, I stayed there from the time the war ended until September of '45 before we could come home. So, I didn't have much to do except just keep track of all the men. I think there was about three hundred and some odd men that had to stay there and just one or two pilots. So, I thought, "Boy, that's kind of an honor to be

a commanding officer.” So, I stayed there.

During that time, they didn’t take all the B-24s home yet, some of them weren’t able to fly and some of them were going to be shipped later, so there were still a few 24s. But I thought, hey, a lot of our men that had jobs on the base, like in the mess hall, the cooks, the ones that worked as typists and mechanics, a lot of them didn’t get a chance to even see Germany. They just prepared and did work for the pilots to fly over there and back. So, I said, “Let’s get an airplane and I’ll fly some of you men over there and we’ll fly to Germany and back. The war’s over.” So, we got an airplane the next day and about fifteen of us got in there. You could take at least twelve or so easy, but I think we got about fifteen in. “We’re going to fly clear over here. I’m going to show you where Hitler had a hideout in the hill, in a cave, where he and his girlfriend stayed the last part. I guess that’s where Hitler finally killed himself or took whatever it was, and also his girlfriend.

So, we took off. We thought, “Boy, from here we’ll fly over Rome and we’ll see Rome.” None of these guys had ever seen Rome before. So, we went down and I buzzed Rome. We went right over the Coliseum and I tipped my wings, buzzed around, right over them. Those kids looked out the window, they just couldn’t believe it, they were right over Rome. I don’t think that airplane has flown that low since. The war was over, and I knew I wouldn’t get shot at anything like that, not in Italy. The war had ended in Italy. Then we climbed over the Alps and right over the highest point in Switzerland, then let down over to Germany and flew up some of the canyons in Germany.

I went up this one canyon, it was very wide. I thought, “I think instead of climbing clear over the hills, I can just go through the canyon and turn around and come back out. The 24 takes a little more time to turn than the smaller aircraft. But I thought there was plenty of room. But I had an engineer sitting by me and he said, “Are you sure you can do that, Captain? We don’t want to have a wreck now!” I said, “No, I have enough power. I think I can make it.”

I remember making that turn. When I finished, I still had plenty of room, he was still kind of white in the face because he didn’t think I could do it. But I did. Then we went around and went right past the hill where Hitler had his hideout.

KI: Wasn’t that called the Eagle’s Nest?

David: Yep, it was, sure enough. But that was where he was stationed when he decided he’d have to give up. So, we buzzed him, and then came back and went down and, boy, those men said they’ll never forget that flight because it was low to the ground and they saw a part of Germany. Then after we finally came back, it took us fifteen days from Naples, Italy, on a boat to get clear back to Hampton Roads, Virginia, near Langley Air Force Base, Virginia.

We got back to Virginia, then I was assigned to other places, back to Texas. Some of the children were born in Texas. I have two children who were born in Texas and two in California.

KI: Did they ever try to get you to leave the service? Or were there enough people who just wanted to leave?

David: After the war, if you wanted to get out, you could, pretty easy. But I decided to stay with it a little bit longer. Then in 1946, I thought, “Well, maybe I ought to go back to Vernal. Go back

and maybe get another job or something.” But I did enjoy flying. I just enjoyed flying so much. So I finally thought, “Well, we’ve got one little boy.” At that time. So, I came back and I got a job with my wife’s father. I worked in a cabinet shop.

KI: Here?

David: In California. In San Bernadino. But after I’d done that for a while, I thought, “Oh, gosh, I’d still kind of like to go back in the Air Force.” At that time, it was 1948, and the Berlin Airlift started. So, I thought, “Well, I think I’ll volunteer.” My wife said, “Well, you do what you like.” I thought if I went down and signed up, it would be two or three months. At that time we were building a new home. I thought we’d have time to finish that new home and maybe sell it. But, my gosh within two weeks or ten days, the orders come through and said, “Report, you’re heading towards the Berlin Airlift.” Because they looked at my records and I had a whole lot of time in twin engine aircraft as well as the B-24.

So, then I went right over to the Berlin Airlift and stayed there until it ended in 1949. I was stationed in Germany. Where I was stationed then, you might recall after World War II ended, then Berlin was cut up into pies, you might say. The Russians said, “I’ll take this.” The French said, “We’ll take this.” The Americans said, “We’ll take this one.” But the Russians thought, “Well, hey, we’d like to have all of Berlin later on, so we’ll stop the Americans from coming up there. The only way they can get in there is by railroad, or by boat.” There’s canals and stuff that went up to Berlin.

So the Russians blocked it off and said, “You can’t cross here because that’s our territory. You can’t cross. We won’t let you cross.” So, we said, “Okay, we’ll fly over.” So, we started flying over. The ones that flew food was stationed at Wiesbaden, Germany. They could fly flour, honey, candy, everything into Germany and Berlin and land in the American zone. I was stationed out here along by a railroad and we had to fly coal into Germany and land in the French zone. So, every day we’d load up our C-54, it was a four-engine aircraft, and I’d already had quite a bit of four-engine time, so it didn’t take long to get checked out in that aircraft. I’d fly nine to ten ton of coal each trip into Berlin and unload the coal. They loaded the coal from the train tracks into trucks. The coal was in big gunny sacks, all nut coal, you might say. They’d load it from the train into trucks, the trucks would come out to the base, back up to the aircraft, load in the aircraft. If any little bit of coal dropped on the ramp below the airplane, there’d be German women with a broom and dustpan and they’d save every little piece of coal. There never was any coal for us to see on the ground.

KI: Where were you stationed there?

David: It was called Celle. In West Germany. I’d like to tell you another story.

I stayed there until the airlift ended, then I flew one of those aircraft back to Westover, Massachusetts, back to the US, and was assigned again. I stayed again until I had twenty-two years of service. Then I retired on 1 August 1963. See, I got in in September ‘41 and stayed until August of ‘63, gave me twenty-two years. Then I retired to as a Lt. Colonel. Every since then I’ve been receiving retirement pay every month, never has Uncle Sam ever missed a paycheck. Pretty good.

KI: What other places were you stationed in?

David: After that I was stationed in Korea, flying B-26s. I used to fly from the south end of Korea, called Pusan, and the base there was called K-9. Every night we'd fly up to the 38th Parallel and fly back, loaded with bombs and ammunition. If any North Koreans ever crossed the line, then we were authorized to shoot and drop bombs on them. We stayed there until it finally ended, stayed there seven months, then went to Japan for seven months. Then I was assigned back to the United States again. So, I flew a B-26, a twin-engine aircraft, from Japan clear to Florida. That's another story. Now, in Germany, where did I stop?

KI: You were telling me about the ladies who swept up the coal.

David: Oh, yeah, I flew those missions until it ended. The place that I was assigned, while we were still flying from Italy over the Alps into Germany and dropping bombs, one day... Up to that time there were so many German fighter aircraft that would come up and meet us before we could drop our bombs and shoot a lot of us out of the sky. We thought, "Where are these fighter aircraft coming from? We've destroyed that base. We've destroyed that base. There are no German planes there, but where are they? They don't show up until we're just about there. They've got to be somewhere up near that front line. We can't find them."

So, this one particular mission, it wasn't my crew, but it was another crew, and every time that we'd drop our bombs and waited to see if we destroyed the railroad track or the bridges or whatever the target was, the little guy in the tail end of the aircraft, who was the tail gunner, also had a camera, and he'd take pictures of where the bombs had fallen. Then they'd take and develop the film when they got back and say, "Oh, yeah, look you destroyed that one." "Boy, look at all the bombs that missed the target." Of course, we had so many airplanes. That sky was almost full of airplanes, I can't believe it. So, they'd let the lead bombardier do all the bomb sighting and so on and when he'd open his bomb bay doors, then we could see that and we'd all open our bomb bay doors. When he started dropping bombs, then we'd just have our bombardier drop our bombs. So, we'd know we were going to hit the target, but a lot of them would miss because we were spread out here so far. But they'd take pictures and sure enough.

I remember seeing some of the pictures. Some of them way out here, they bomb out here in the trees. I thought, "My gosh, look how many bombs are wasted. All of Uncle Sam's money. All our people's taxes." But some of them hit the target and destroyed the target.

But on this particular mission, there was one little fellow that had his camera in the back end and when he got through taking pictures of where we'd bombed the target and we were ready to turn to head back to Italy, he thought, "Well, hey, there's just a little bit more film left, I'd just as well let it wind down and use the rest of the roll of film." So, he did.

When they got back, they developed the film and when they developed the film, this little fellow that took the film said, "By gosh, there's a pasture down there and there's a whole bunch of cows in it." He was from Idaho. And he knew how cows grow in Idaho. But he noticed all these cows were facing the same direction and the wind was blowing right to their noses, coming in. They all had their heads into the wind. If it's windy, cows normally turn their ends to the wind. He said, "That's kind of peculiar. There's something wrong there." So, he enlarged it and

developed it, and guess what it was? It was fake cows. They had these cows on little trailers, just made out of plywood so it looked from the sky like cows out in this big pasture. Pine trees all around and a big pasture with cows. There wouldn't be any fighter planes down there that the Germans would have, would they? Well, that's where the Germans had them.

They'd put those cows out there so when we'd fly along and take pictures, or any of the other photo airplanes, it just looked like a pasture with cows in it. But they've got to be landing somewhere. Those fighter planes take off and shoot us down. Well, come to find out, from this pasture, just back in the forest, in the trees, they had all these hangars, just camouflaged in the trees. The top of the hangars were painted like pine trees and the pine trees were growing right beside the buildings. So, from the air, it looked just like the forest, and that's where those fighters planes were.

They'd open up the doors, taxi out, move the cows, and up they'd go and shoot us down. Come back, land, put the cows out and nobody would know where they came from. Pretty smart. So, this little kid from Idaho figured it out. So, he told the colonel. He said, "By gosh, those cows aren't real, because they're facing the wind." So, the colonel said, "Well, develop it and we'll study it out." And, by gosh, sure enough that little kid was right. So, then I thought, boy, they'd ought to have promoted him to lieutenant right away. Maybe they did, I don't know.

But anyway, so along the Berlin Airlift, when I went back to this little place, Celle, we got to stay in these barracks right where these fighter pilots lived, brick buildings all camouflaged in the forest. All the hangars, we could still use the hangars.

When we told them that that's where they were, then, of course, they sent our fighter aircraft down there and they shot up the airplanes and tried to bomb the hangars and everything else. They didn't destroy all the buildings, but some of the buildings still had holes from the P-47s and P-51s that came across here shooting it. So, we were still able to use these buildings. We stayed right there in the same place these airplanes were destroyed. So, that's the end of that story.

KI: Do you still fly?

David: No. After I really retired, I told my wife, "My gosh, I've been so lucky, I've flown so many hours," about seven thousand hours total, "and I walked away from every landing, never used my parachute once. I can't be that lucky forever." I said, "If we go back to Vernal, we want to go back and live because I'd like to build a home here, I could go down to the Vernal airport maybe then, but I could crash land a little Cessna 173, or whatever it would be and that would kill me just as easy as a big old bomber, so I guess I'm just going to have to quit." I just made up my mind, "Well, I'm going to stop flying." But I'm just thankful that I've never had to use my parachute and I've walked away from every landing. So, I was really lucky. I lost so many of my friends.

KI: We need to go back and have you tell me about your wife. When did you meet her?

David: Oh, yeah, that was down in at Victorville. Victorville was just forty miles from San Bernadino and there was another fellow from Minersville, Utah, Marshall Hullingshead was his name, he was a lieutenant. He worked in the commissary, he wasn't a pilot. But he was an LDS

boy, and he said, "Hey, by gosh, let's go down to San Bernadino and go to church. We'll meet a lot of good-looking gals." So, he said, "Next Tuesday night they are having a dance. Why don't we go down to the dance and we'll dance with some of the gals down there?" So, I thought that would be good. He had an old '39 Chev and I didn't have a car, so he said, "Let's go down together. We'll go down in my car."

So, we went down and went into this amusement hall or wherever it was they had the dance, and there were about eight or ten girls on the other side. I thought, "Wow! Look at those gals!" All single girls just waiting to dance with somebody. So we got acquainted with them and we all had dances and I thought, "Man, there's sure a lot of good gals." We really enjoyed dancing.

So, we tried to go over there about every weekend or whenever we could, not exactly on the weekend, but maybe a Tuesday night at Mutual or whenever they had a meeting. Then we did go there a time or two to church. I didn't fly every Sunday on my thousand-mile trips, but I could go anywhere I wanted from Victorville.

My wife will tell you the story that when she saw me, and she might be exaggerating, she said, "Boy, I'd marry that guy if he'd ask me." I'd danced with her. She had a sister and they were both good-looking gals and good dancers, with their friends. So, we did take the girls out once in a while just for dates. It took, three years before I finally asked her to marry me. By that time she'd decided to go to the BYU to school, so then I'd fly from Victorville up to BYU. My sister lived in Salt Lake, so I could stay in Salt Lake and she'd get on the little Bamberger train and go up. She had an aunt who lived in Salt Lake, so we could get together and go to the Rainbow Gardens, I think it was, dance hall in Salt Lake, and dance, then I'd fly back to Victorville the next day.

Finally, one night, my brother-in-law, my sister, I'd stay with them, said, "Hey, you can borrow my Ford tonight and take your girlfriend for a date if you want." So, I took her and I was getting kind of fickle, "My, I wonder if she'd marry me? I wonder if I dare ask her?" I'd never had to ask anybody. So, that night we went up after we got through dancing and parked in front of the Capitol Building and turned around so we could look down State Street and I put my arm around her and said, "Would you marry me?" And I thought she'd probably say, "I'll think about it and let you know next Tuesday, but she said, "Yes, I'll marry you!" And I about fell over.

KI: What's her name?

David: Her name is Trevelene Harber. So, I asked her if she'd marry me, and she said yes, and I said, "Well, why don't you finish your spring quarter, you've already started in March, and we'll get married in June. How would that be?" "Oh, that would be fine." So, then I thought, "Well, now I've got to give her a ring. She said yes." So, I went back to San Bernardino and bought a ring. She came down that weekend. I'd bought the engagement ring, but I was still kind of bashful. I thought, "I've got to tell your mother and dad." So, she put the ring on and it just fit her. She said, "Okay, let's go home and tell Mom."

So, we went home and knocked on the door and her mother came to the door and Trevelene said, "Now, look what happened." Her mother said, "Are you sure you know what you're doing?" We said, "Yes, we've decided we want to get married." I said, "Well, she'll go back to school."

So, then we went and told her dad and told her grandpa and grandma and they all, especially one of her grandmothers, just said, "Oh, I'm so glad you're going to get married! Good enough!" She just really thought that was the best thing in the world. So, then she got on the bus and went back to Provo. But about a week later she called up and said, "I can't wait until June, let's get married in May." I said, "But then you won't finish your quarter." She said, "Oh, I don't care if I don't finish the quarter, I want to get married, because you might go overseas any minute." I thought I would. I'd been right up pretty close to the front of the line, but they still kept me there with the instructors.

So, I said, "Okay, we'll have to find a place to live." So, she decided, "Let's get married in May." So, she came back and her folks then took us in their old Buick and took us back to Salt Lake and we got married in the Salt Lake Temple. We went back to Victorville, but Victorville had very few apartments. Most of the ones that did get married had to live in a hotel or go to San Bernadino or someplace to find a place to rent. Just a little ways from Victorville was a farm that had a chicken coop there they had remodeled and made an apartment, you might say, out of this chicken coop.

Some of the other fellows had always lived in it and they'd been transferred. Another couple was in there, but they were going to be transferred, so I went and talked to this lady and she says, "Yeah, the couple that's there now have got their orders. If you want to live there, that would be fine. It's right next to the base." Guess how much it cost us? Twenty-five dollars a month to live in this remodeled chicken coop. The south window used to be just screen wire that they made a big window there. Over in one corner they made a little shower so you could have a little curtain there and have a shower, a little kitchen sink, and that's all we needed, just the two of us. So, that was our first place to live, twenty-five dollars a month. The guys that stayed down in one of the hotels would have to pay a hundred something a month to live in a hotel.

At that time I was still a First Lieutenant, and I thought, "Well, I'm going to be a captain pretty soon." And sure enough, just a few months after I got married, on 3 May 1944 we got married and in January I was promoted to captain and, of course, after that I went over to Italy, in February or March.

KI: So, Trevelene's family was from San Bernadino, right? So, she just stayed with them while you were in Italy?

David: Yeah, she stayed with her mother. She was born in Richfield, Utah, and when she was a year and half old, she had a little sister, they just had the two girls at that time, later on they had two brothers, but she and her sister, their mother and dad had a Model T Ford and they drove it from Richfield clear to San Bernadino, clear through Las Vegas on those dusty old roads. I don't know how many days it took to get that little Model T there. Then she lived there until we got married.

KI: So, how many children did you have?

David: We had six children. Just before I went overseas, my wife was pregnant, and I thought, "Oh, my gosh, here I'm flying overseas and if I get shot down, at least she'll have a child. I hope it's a boy so it could still carry my name." That story I won't tell you, but anyway by the time I

got overseas, and I only stayed six months; I got home just before the child was born. Wasn't that lucky? So, I got home in October.

So, then I got a thirty-day leave because I'd been overseas and they authorized anybody that had been overseas a thirty-day leave when you got back. I thought the child would be born about the end of October and I thought, "Hey, that will work out just right. I got orders to go to San Angelo, Texas, but I'll spend my thirty-day leave in California and hope my wife will hurry up and have the baby." When the thirty days were up, still no baby yet. So, I sent a telegram saying, "Request fifteen more days." I thought, "I hope they will approve it." It came back: "Okay, stay fifteen more days."

So, in ten more days, the baby was born. It worked out good, So then, just after he was born, I went to San Angelo, Texas.

KI: Tell me the names of your kids.

David: My oldest son was named Mark, after my dad and granddad, so we named him William Mark. My wife's dad was named Trevor William, so we thought we'd name our son William Mark after both his granddads. My second son was named James Evan Hall. Then we had another boy. I thought we'd put David on him, so we called him Larry David Hall. In about a few years later, we thought, "Well, we've got to have a girl." So, we ended up having a little girl and we ended up calling her Lisa, just Lisa Hall. She's now married to Richard Jolley, the dentist. Then five years later we thought, "We ought to have another girl. We've got three boys and one girl. It would sure be nice if we could have another girl." So, it was five years later, my wife got pregnant and we thought, "This has got to be the girl." But it turned out to be another boy.

So, when that little boy was born, my wife told the doctor, "My mother will be so disgusted, she wanted a girl." The doctor said, "Well, if you don't want him, we'll keep him." We decided to keep him. Then five years later, we finally got another little girl. So, we had four boys and two girls. After Lisa, the next boy is named Jed Harber Hall, because my wife is a Harber. Then when we had the sixth child, a little girl, we thought, "Oh, she's a little angel, we've been waiting for her for a long time." Even when my wife would set the dishes on the table, she'd say, "There's got to be one more. There's one child missing. I've got to get that little girl." I said, "She's got to be a little angel, we'd better call her Angel." I was going to call her Angelene. So, we called her Mary Angelene. My mother's name was Mary, Mary Fontella Stringham. So, we named her Mary Angelene, after an angel, Hall.

Now, she's married. The first time she got pregnant she had twin girls, they are seventeen years old now. Then she got two boys later.

KI: What is her married name?

David: Her married name is now Paz. Her husband is from Chile, his family came from Chile, and they lived just across the road from here. One day I was out here after they moved in, trying to fix my flagpole. I couldn't get that old flagpole in that big hole and I wanted to get that flagpole up, so this boy came across the road. Mary had kind of been watching him, she got acquainted with him a little bit, but her husband's name is Marcello Paz, so he came over to help

me fix up the flagpole. The next day he got a date with my daughter. A year later he married her. That was that story. I sure have a good family. They've been pretty good children.

KI: What have you done since you retired?

David: Well, after I retired, my father gave me these three acres to have to build a house on whenever I wanted to. So, we came back and decided to build a home. I didn't have too much money, but we thought, "Hey, if we can build a home out here for say, \$20,000 why then we could have our own home up here on our own property."

I think I had five thousand, maybe six thousand in the bank. So, I thought, "Well, let's get us a loan for about \$15,000 and we'll build our home." Then I thought, "Maybe we better get a loan for \$16,000 because we might have to buy rugs and stuff and we'd better have that extra." So, I got a loan for \$16,000 and built this home.

I retired, as I said, in August of 1963 and we lived over here, just across the road. So, we'd come over here and work on the house and stayed over there for just a little over a year before we were able to move in. I had two brothers help me put the outside up, the rafters, the roof and everything else like that. Then one brother, who was a carpenter, and I let him be the boss to do it right, he said, "Well, now, I've got another job, so you and Phillip," that was my oldest brother, "you can put the sheetrock on." My wife said she could paint it and I said, "Well, we could do that or wallpaper it." So, we did all the inside ourselves. I did all these cabinets, every one, by myself. And they are still there! I used the living room as my workshop. When people would come, they'd say, "My gosh, I thought this was where you lived." I'd say, "No, this is my hobby shop here. This is where I live!" It took me about a year or so before I got all the cabinets built and we got the house paid for, and a few months later it was paid. We got a good loan for it and I only had to pay \$800 every six months on the loan. After I'd done that for a couple of years, I thought, "I do believe we have enough money, let's pay it off." So, we got out of debt and have never been in debt since.

KI: Isn't that a wonderful feeling?

David: So, it will be forty years this coming August, July/August, since I retired.

KI: You said you had a hobby shop? Did you run it for a job?

David: No, just to build the house. I've still got the hobby shop out here just underneath that big tin building right there. In front of that building is a picture of me up on top of Kings Peak.

KI: Tell me about that.

David: After I retired, then, of course, the boys starting growing up and I thought, "Boy!" I'd take them fishing every summer and hunting every fall, we'd go deer hunting. Then later on when they had enough elk, they started the elk season, we'd go elk hunting. We always had good luck. So, then I thought, "Boy, it would be good if we could climb the highest peak in Utah. Let's do that." Then we thought, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could walk the full length of the

Uinta Mountains?” They start clear up there east of Kamas, Utah, and go clear down to Diamond Mountain, you might say, the Baldies, Mirror Lake. Near Mirror Lake is what we call the west end of the Uintas. You go east of Kamas, then you start walking on what they call the Highline Trail, forest trail, no vehicles at all, you’ve got to walk it or ride a horse.

We thought, “That would be good. I bet we can walk that. It’s a hundred miles.” We figured about a hundred miles from Mirror Lake to Spirit Lake, which is west of Flaming Gorge. “So, we can make that in ten days. We ought to be able to walk eight or ten or twelve miles a day with a backpack on. But we’ve got to pack all our food to last for ten days.”

So, the four sons and I decided to make it in 1982. Evan was the photographer, took all the pictures, got a real good color slide of our hike. So, we made that hike. I have two boys that live in Morgan, Utah, they both decided they like to fly airplanes. They take after their old dad. So, they’d been building their own airplanes. In fact, Larry has built two airplanes now and he’s on his third aircraft now, he and Jed. They come out once in a while with the airplanes they built. But they and another fellow, who had a Cessna, he said, “Well, now, in case we get low on food, why don’t we have this airplane come from Morgan, Utah, and drop some food for us when we get to Kings Peak?” Well, hey, that would be good, but just in case you can’t make it, we’ve still got to have enough food to make the whole ten days.

So, we still planned on it, but went across the Uintas and went on that Highline Trail. We started on 15 July and figured we’d get to Spirit Lake on 24 July, we actually got there on the twenty-third. Every day we’d go about eight or ten miles to this camp, then the boys would swim and fish in the lake or something. The water was too cold for me, so I just washed my feet while they did the other swimming.

When we got to Kings Peak, we thought, “Now, that will be a Wednesday. We want to get there, because that’s when we plan to have this airplane fly.” So, we walked clear to the top of Kings Peak that day and, boy, it was such a good hike. Then we came down Kings Peak and went down just east of Kings Peak into what they called Painters Basin. That’s where we camped. The airplane was supposed to come across Kings Peak and see our camp and then drop food. We told him to bring us some steak and even some ice cream and some salted peanuts; I really wanted salted peanuts.

That morning when we got up, we thought, “Boy, I hope he can make it.” The weather was good. Pretty soon we hear a little airplane coming. I’d planned to just start a fire, put some pine limbs over it so it would make a little smoke, so he could see us. But he just came over Kings Peak, before I could get that fire started, he was right over us and couldn’t see us. So, he overshot and went down past Kings Peak. I got the fire going, and I thought, “Hey, turn around and come back, here’s the smoke.” The pilot went a little farther and didn’t see any smoke, so he went a little farther. Then he turned around and come right back, then he saw the smoke. So, he came right by. Larry had already built a little parachute and they had a cardboard box about a foot or so square and he’d put all the goodies in that little box and tied it to the parachute. All he had to do was push it out of the airplane. So, when he came by, he pushed it out and it just hit hard enough that it really got beaten up, more than I thought. It was funny how those things got beaten up so much just by hitting the ground so hard. But the steaks and the ice cream, boy, it tasted so good. So then, we had enough food to get us home.

After we got to Kings Peak, we went on farther down to Fox Lake. North of Fox Lake, we went back over on the other side of the Uintas and we were going to camp at Island Lake. But

when we got to there, boy, that afternoon there were so many mosquitoes! All the campgrounds there were just mosquitoes, mosquitoes. We thought, "We can't even sleep here. Let's go farther and get out of the mosquitoes." So, we went farther on on purpose until we got out of the mosquitoes and camped. So, therefore, we got to Spirit Lake a day early. They had a phone there at Spirit Lake and I called my daughter, Mary, and she came back and picked us up and brought us back to Vernal.

So, every year we thought, "Let's go back to Kings Peak." So, we've gone to Kings Peak almost every year or every other year since the 1960s and '70s.

KI: When was it the first time?

David: I don't remember the exact year. It seems like we went there one year when I was herding sheep for my uncle Joseph Hacking. I tied my horse down to the bottom to a big rock, then I climbed rocks to the north side of it. I didn't go up to what they called Anderson Pass, but I climbed it straight up, then back, and got on my horse and came back to camp. I just thought, "Boy, I'm going to take my boys up there when they get old enough."

So, then about every year since we made that hike across the Uintas, oh, and we were the first ones, even though we started the fifteenth of July, a few people had gone around Mirror Lake and come back, but they hadn't gone any farther. So, we were the first ones to go across it that year because there was still a lot of snow in the trails and over the hills. So, there were quite a few passes that we had to go over, Porcupine Pass, and one was called the Deadhorse Pass. After you got on top of that pass, you had to go on the north side and that was just an old, big snowdrift. You could see the trail going out from the rocks and going through the trees about a mile down. My son Evan said, "Now, wait a minute. I think we can just slide down." Because the trail was all covered up. I said, "No, I think I'll go around the snowdrift, go back in these trees and get back on the trail." He said, "Oh, let's slide down!" I said, "But what if we get hurt or something?" "Oh, let me try it."

So, he had his backpack on, plus his camera, so he slid down. Boy, he was just having a good time! He got just about down to the bottom and there were two rocks sticking out of the snow. Before he could stop, sure enough, he slid right into that rock, hit that rock and it flipped him 180 degrees and he landed back and kind of broke some of his backpack, but didn't hurt his camera. He was lucky.

So, then we thought, "My gosh, he's knocked out." But pretty soon, he got up and waved at us, "Hey, come on now!" Not me, I'm not going to try that. The rest of the boys stayed with me and we walked around and went back. But we had some extra string and little ropes and tied Evan's backpack together so he could still make it. I said, "If you'd have broken your back, there's no road within forty miles of here. It would have taken a day to pack you down to the road." So, I was sure glad he didn't get hurt. So, that's the end of that story.

KI: Have you ever been involved in any community clubs or organizations like that?

David: Not too many. Of course, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, I'm a member of that one, plus the American Legion. They always kind of brag me up because I'm one of the oldest ones now in the VFW. They say I've had World War II, or the European War, and the Korean War. Most

of the others have usually had the Korean War or Vietnam. Now, there's one of two that have joined that's had the Gulf War.

The other night, we have a meeting the second Wednesday of every month, the other night we had a meeting and they requested, whoever is in charge of the July 24th Parade, that they'd like to have the VFW carry the American flag and the state flag in the parade. All the ones to the meeting the other night, there were about ten of us, most of them said, "Well, I can't even walk around the block hardly. The only one that can walk is David Hall and he's the only one here." I said, "Well, hey, that would be kind of a good idea." But they said on July 24th they are going to start the parade on 3rd East instead of up by the post office. This time they are going to go on 3rd East and walk up the street, clear up to the Jr. High School, or whatever it is, which would be about a mile and a half or almost two miles.

Some of them said, "Well, I can't walk two miles if you're going to carry that flag." They wouldn't do it, and I thought, "My gosh, wouldn't it be good if I could do that!" Right now I feel like I could do that, but I don't know. I'm going to tell them, "Why don't you give me a try? If you want to have a co-pilot out here walking along in case I give out, why they could run over and keep on." Because I'd hate to have the flags stop. But they said the van will be behind us. I don't know who's going to be the head, whether it's the fire engine or the police cars or what. I thought, "By gosh, I'm eighty-six. I believe I can do it." So, I might try that. But it will all be uphill, but they won't march very fast. You can put the flag over your shoulder in the holder and all you've got to do is hold it, unless the wind's blowing the wrong way, then it might be kind of hard. But I think I can do it at eighty-six, wouldn't that be kind of good? I might try it.

After I got out of the service and got the house all built, just before I got it all completed, my wife, she thought maybe she'd better go to work. We still had a couple of sons on a mission and we just had our little girl, she was only about three or four years old then. So, my wife got a job down here with the Social Services. I was still working on the house, building the cabinets and all, and after I got everything done, the kids in school, I thought, "Hey!" My wife had started working as the civil defense director's secretary, then she later went into Social Services, but Burnell Haws, at that time, was the civil defense director for Uintah County. He died. They thought, "We've got to have another civil defense director." So someone said, "Why don't you go down and see if you can qualify for that job?" I thought, "Well, maybe I'll try for a year if they'll accept me. I don't know."

So, I went down and talked to the county commissioners and, boy, they hired me before I got out of the door practically. They said, "Yeah, we need somebody." I told them I'd been in the service this many years, been a commanding officer. In fact, I was a commanding officer in Africa for a while. I didn't tell you about the Africa story. So, I thought, "Well, I'll try it for a year." They said, "Okay, we'll hire you for five hundred bucks a month." I thought that was pretty good, civil defense director for \$500 a month. But after the year, I thought, "Well, maybe I'll try it again." I ended up being the civil defense director for eight years before I finally retired. I thought, "Hey, I retired once from the Air Force, now I'm going to retire from Uintah County." So, I did that.

My wife has been in several clubs. One women's club that she's been in ever since we retired, my English teacher in high school, whose name was Miss Hart, then she married Harold Lundell, came up and talked to my wife and said, "Hey, why don't you join the women's club, we need some more new members." So, she did. That was way back in about '64 or '65. It was

called Beaux Arts. So ‘most all of the old women, like Hugh Colton’s wife and Dr. Shimmin’s wife and several others, they’re all gone now, now my wife’s one of the old-timers. But anyway, she sure enjoyed that club.

I’ve gone on two foreign missions for the [LDS] Church, New Zealand and also out in the West Indies. That was called a microfilming mission. We took pictures of all the old records of those countries. It was a good experience. I’ve sent three of my four sons on missions and, of course, they’re all married now. I’m a great-granddad.

KI: Do you like that?

David: Yeah, it’s kind of good. I showed you some pictures. That little guy, they called him after my name. Anything else?

KI: Tell me about the Africa experience you just remembered.

David: I went on several other assignments, a Korean assignment, I won’t tell you all about the Korean assignment, but I did fly the airplane from Japan to Florida. When we left Japan, they said, “Well, hey, if you want to...” All our planes were painted black because we flew at night, we were called the Black Knights. They said, “When you get back to Florida, they’re going to take all that black paint off and make it silver again, so if you want to write anything or draw a pretty picture of a girl on your airplane, you can go ahead.” So, I thought, “Hey, I’ll put Trevelene on my airplane.” My wife’s name. So, I had a little Japanese boy write “Trevelene.” I’ve got pictures of that, I’ll show you sometime.

Then the little crew chief, just the two of us were going to be on the airplane, plus the little navigator, just the three of us. I was a major then. He said, “Hey, Major Hall, can I put my girlfriend’s name on the other side of where I’m going to be sitting?” I said, “Okay, good.” His girlfriend was named Mary Jane. So, that was the story.

But in Africa, after I’d come back from Korea, then I was assigned to California for a while. I’d been flying and had almost eighteen years in. They said, “You’ve been flying all those eighteen years, you’ve got to have a desk job.” I thought, “I don’t want a desk job, just give me an airplane! I enjoy flying.” So, finally, “No, you’ve got to have a desk job.”

At that time, at McClellan Air Force Base, I was flying a four-engine aircraft, called the C-123. It was all full of radar equipment, had a big old hump back and a big old pot belly, all filled with radar equipment. There were about eight or nine other guys who’d went in and they all had radar scopes, while I flew the airplane, pilot and co-pilot. We’d fly up and down the west coast in case any aircraft would come toward the United States, we’d pick them up first. If they weren’t identified as airlines or friendly, then we could send fighter pilots out and shoot them down before they bombed California. So, we did that for quite a while.

Finally, I got an assignment to go to Africa. But just before that I’d gone to Florida on a TDY [temporary duty] mission in a C-123 to fly some missions down by the east end of Florida. While I was down there, they sent a telegram saying, “Major Hall report back. Your orders just came in and you’re going to be assigned to Alaska.” I thought, “Oh, boy, I get to go to Alaska!” So, they said, “Get on the next airplane, the next morning, and get back because you’ve got to leave in about three days.” I got back there and walked in and they said, “Oh, my gosh, your

orders, they just sent in another order, your orders have been changed, you're going to go to Africa instead of Alaska."

Oh, my gosh, I thought I was going to go to Alaska! So, I had about a week to get ready to go to Africa. But when I got to Africa, I was assigned to a radar unit called the 734th Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron. It was way out here in the desert from Morocco and Casablanca. It was several hundred miles from Casablanca, ninety miles from the closest town, which was north, near the north end of Africa.

The commanding officer there was a lieutenant colonel, he was just ready to be transferred, so I was sent in to take his place as a major. I thought, "Oh, boy, maybe someday I'll be a lieutenant colonel." I'd been a major for quite a long time, but had never had a big fancy desk job. So, he left about the next morning. I was there just long enough to meet him. We had a ceremony that night and he said goodbye and I said hello. The next morning, he was gone.

So, I then was in charge of, I think it was 234 airmen. We had all this radar equipment stationed there, and those things rock back and forth, the buildings that all the radar scopes were in, and we could pick up any aircraft that were coming toward Africa, coming across the Mediterranean, then we were supposed to notify an air base down by Casablanca to come shoot them down if it turned out to be enemy aircraft.

So, we stayed there, but then within a few months they said, "We guess we're going to close that place up." They'd been there for quite some time. They'd had both American and French air force there. The French had gone back to France and the Americans still had the base. But they said, "When you close that base up, you just leave it the way it is. Don't have any ceremonies or anything. The Moroccan army will take over, but don't let them come in until you're ready to leave."

When we were ready to leave, a captain or major from the Moroccan army come and saw me and he said, "Now, please don't destroy your well." We had a water well there, because from that water well we had a little three-inch pipe or maybe an inch-and-a-half pipe go for about a half mile down so they could water their camels or goats and so on. They said, "Please don't destroy it." I said, "Well, I won't destroy the well, there's no need for us to blow that up or anything. We'll leave the buildings just the way they are, the mess hall, the officers' quarters, the air barracks." I left my bed made with blankets on it, everything else. There was a colonel in Spain that told me that when I left, just hide the key, don't even have any ceremonies, they'll take over after you leave.

So, when we got ready to leave, I was the last one out. We had some Army trucks to bring out the last equipment. When we got to the gate, here they are, the Moroccan army had already come up the day before and camped outside the gate. They were ready to go. But when we went out there, we got out of the truck and we talked and talked. I thought, "Well, I'm supposed to hide this key." So, I walked down along the fence and put the key on the fencepost about four or five posts away and walked back while they were talking. But I think one of the kids saw me.

So, I said, "Okay, get in the trucks, we're ready to go." We took off and looked back in the mirror and saw the little kid go down, get the key and they got in. So, they got all the buildings, all the beds, all the quilts, everything we had. They said, "Give it to the Moroccan army." By that time, we'd taken down all the radar equipment, put it on a train, and they'd hauled that off. They hauled it back to Casablanca. I guess they were going to save it and use it

again. But we were ready to get all that down without anybody hurt or anything. So, all they got was just the buildings. But they got the mess hall, fry pans and all that, beds, we just turned it over to them. That was a good assignment.

KI: When was that?

David: That would be my last overseas assignment. I had five different overseas assignments, but every one of them was without my wife. She wasn't able to go because there wasn't any housing for wives and families in these particular assignments that I had. That must have been about the end of '62. Yeah, I was there in '62 when old John Glenn went around the earth in a space capsule. We were in Morocco then.

But every week, we'd send a truck up to this little town of Oujda to get our supplies, like lettuce and oranges and stuff, and bring them back to eat. Then once a week, on Tuesday, the Air Force would send a C-47 over to bring us steaks and meat and stuff like that. I remember one day, of course out in the desert the wind blew and sometimes you couldn't even see the runway, we didn't have a runway, we just landed on the dirt, but you couldn't even see the barracks sometimes to go from our building over to the mess hall, it was so windy and dusty.

One time they came over and said, "Hey, we can't even see you down there." I talked to them on radio and said, "Golly, if you can't land, why, I guess it will be next Tuesday." They said, "Yep, we've got to turn around and go back. We'll bring your food again next Tuesday." So, we went one week without any steaks or anything. We still had good food, so we didn't get hungry.

But it was way out there, ninety miles to the nearest town. There was a little hut or two out there, people raising goats and sheep would come and maybe try to talk us into giving them a little something, and sometimes we'd let them come and gather. We'd even take the garbage out and they'd even come and gather from the garbage, trying to find things. I felt kind of sorry for them. I thought, "My gosh, there's not much food in that garbage." Maybe lettuce or something they'd be able to gather up.

KI: When did the Army Air Corps become part of the Air Force?

David: Before I retired. Instead of being the Army Air Corps, then they called it the United States Air Force.

KI: So, you actually retired from the Air Force.

David: Yeah, the Air Force. I started out in the Army Air Corps, then it was United States Air Corps, I think, then they finally called it the United States Air Force. In '46, I think, it was changed. So, then after the war they started calling it the United States Air Force.

I still have my uniform that I retired in. I wear it every year on some occasions. The same uniform, the same shirt, the same tie, the same shoes. And I still fit in it. I can't believe it! You've been retired thirty-five, forty years ago and you can still put your uniform on? It's still the same. I won't wear it on this deal here because I just have my VFW hat to carry the flag. But I'd be proud to put that on and march up the road with that on. But I'd probably get plenty hot

because it's a winter uniform.

KI: Is there anything else you'd like to tell me about?

David: That's it.

KI: Thanks so much for talking with me. I really appreciate all your stories and memories.